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SAVONAROLA, THE MARTYR MONK OF FLORENCE.

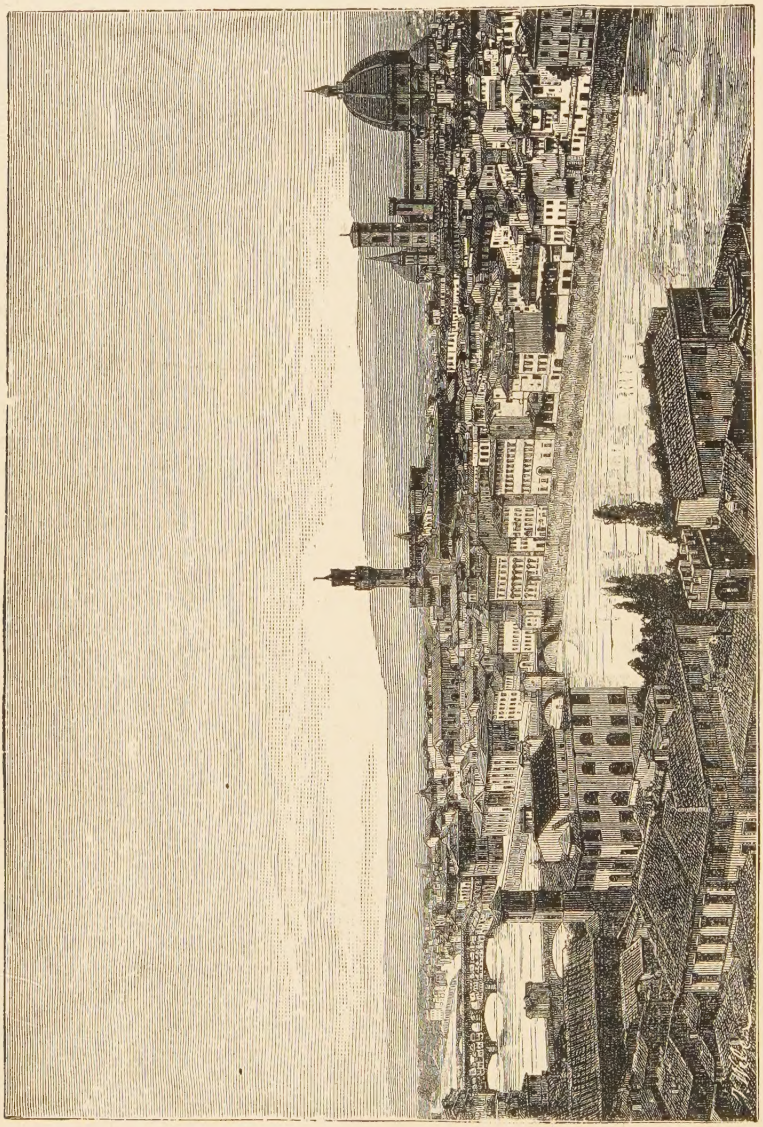
BY THE EDITOR.

GEROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

On a bright July day I stood in the vast and shadowy Duomo of Florence, where, four hundred years ago, the great Savonarola proclaimed, like a new Elijah, to awe-struck thousands, the impending judgments of Heaven upon their guilty city. I went thence to the famous Monastery of San Marco, of which he was prior. I paced the frescoed cloisters where he was wont to con his breviary, and the long corridors lined on either side with the prison-like cells of the cowled brotherhood. I stood in the bare, bleak chamber of the martyr-monk, in which he used to weep and watch and write and pray. I sat in his chair. I saw his eagle-visaged portrait, his robes, his rosary, his crucifix, his Bible—richly annotated in his own fine clear hand—and his MS. sermons which so shook the Papacy. The same day I stood in the dungeon vaults of the fortress-like Palazzo del Podesta, lurid with crimson memories, where the great Reformer was imprisoned; and in the great square whence his brave soul ascended in a chariot of flame from the martyr's funeral pyre; and I seemed brought nearer to that heroic spirit who, amid these memory-haunted scenes, four centuries ago spoke brave words for God and truth and liberty, that thrill our souls to-day.

The age in which Savonarola lived was one of the most splendid in the history of European art and literature. Even during the darkness of the middle ages, the lamp of learning was fanned into a flickering flame in many a lonely monkish cell, and the love of liberty was cherished in the free cities of the Italian Peninsula. But with the dawn of the Renaissance came a sunburst of light that banished the night of ages. The fall of Constantinople scattered throughout Western Europe the scholars who still spoke the language of Homer and of Chrysostom, and taught the

philosophy of Plato and Aristotle. The agents of Lorenzo il Magnifico swept the monasteries of the Levant for the precious MSS., the flotsam and jetsam of the ancient world, which had drifted into these quiet retreats. The invention of a German mechanic gave new wings to this rescued learning, and from the presses of Florence, Venice, and Rome, and later, of Amsterdam, Paris and London, it flew abroad on all the winds. In Italy the Arethusan fount of long-buried art and science sprang to life, sparkling and flashing in the new-found light. From the rich soil of the Campagna were daily rescued fresh relics of the past — lovely marble torsoes, whose very fragments were at



FLORENCE, SHOWING THE ARNO AND BRIDGES, Duomo to the right, Palazzo Vecchio in centre,

once the rapture and despair of the new-born instinct of art. Rome woke to the consciousness of the priceless wealth long buried in her bosom. The earth seemed to renew her youth. There were giants in those days. Michael Angelo, great as poet, painter, and sculptor; Da Vinci, Ghiberti, Cellini, Fra Lippi, Macchiavelli, Petrarch, Politian—a brotherhood of art and letters never equalled in the world.*

But no good or evil is unmixed. This revived learning brought with it a revived paganism. This quickened art contained the seeds of its own moral taint. Social corruption and political tyranny and treachery flourished amid this too stimulating atmosphere. Tne moral antiseptic of a vital Christianity was wanting. The salt had lost its savour, and moral corruption ensued. The state of the Church was at its very worst. The Papacy was never more Heaven-defying in its wickedness. A succession of human monsters occupied St. Peter's chair. Paul II., Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and the infamous Borgia—Alexander VI., — had converted the Vatican into a theatre of the most odious vices. While wearing the title of Christ's Vicars on earth, they were utterly pagan in sentiment and worse than pagan in life. "They regarded," says Macaulay, "the Christian mysteries of which they were the stewards, just as the Augur Cicero and the Pontifex Maximus Cæsar regarded the Sibylline books and the pecking of the sacred chickens. Among themselves they spoke of the Incarnation, the Eucharist, and the Trinity in the same tone in which Cotta and Velleius talked of the oracle of Delphi, or of the voice of Faunus in the mountains."

Said Leo X.—himself a priest at eight and a cardinal at fourteen years of age—to his secretary Bembo, "All ages know well enough of what advantage this fable about Christ has been to us and ours." The same Bembo cautions a friend against reading the Epistles of St. Paul, "lest his taste should be corrupted." Of the works of Macchiavelli, the foremost writer of the times, says Macaulay, "Such a display of wickedness, naked yet not ashamed: such cool, judicious, scientific atrocity, seem rather to belong to a fiend than to the most depraved of men." Yet the highest honours of his age were heaped upon him, and at the first courts of Italy his atrocious sentiments evoked no condemnation, but rather the warmest approval.

The city of Florence was, not even excepting Rome, the chief seat of the Renaissance revival in Italy. It was the very focus of art, of literature, of commerce. Its revenue was greater than that which both England and Ireland yielded to Elizabeth. Its cloth manufactures employed thirty thousand workmen. Eighty banks transacted its business, and that of Europe, on a scale that might surprise "even the contemporaries of the Barings and the Rothchilds."

"Every place," says Macaulay, "to which the merchant princes of Florence extended their gigantic traffic, from the

* Not among the "giants" of the time, but as one of its tenderest and most loving spirits, is to be mentioned Fra Angelico, whose lovely frescoes of saints and angels and Madonnas still adorn the cells of San Marco. He could not preach, but he could paint such beatific visions as fill our eyes with tears to-day. He never touched his brush till he had steeped his inmost soul in prayer. Overcome with emotion, the tears often streamed down his face as he painted the Seven Sorrows of Mary or the raptures of the saved. He would take no money for his work: it was its own exceeding great reward. When offered the archbishopric of Florence he humbly declined, and recommended for that dignity a brother monk. He died at Rome while sitting at his easel —caught away to behold with open face the beatific vision on which his inner sight so long had dwelt. The holy faces of his angels still haunt our memory with a spell of power. Well did the saintly painter wear the name of Fra Angelico – the Angelic Brother.

bazaars of the Tigris to the monasteries of the Clyde, was ransacked for medals and manuscripts. Architecture, painting and sculpture were munificently encouraged. We can hardly persuade ourselves that we are reading of times in which the annals of England and France present us only with a frightful spectacle of poverty, barbarity and ignorance. From the oppressions of illiterate masters and the sufferings of a brutalized peasantry, it is delightful to turn to the opulent and enlightened states of Italy—to the vast and magnificent cities, the ports, the arsenals, the villas, the museums, the libraries, the marts filled with every article of comfort and luxury, the manufactories swarming with artisans, the Apennines covered with rich cultivation to their very summits, the Po wafting the harvests of Lombardy to the granaries of Venice, and carrying back the silks of Bengal and the furs of Siberia to the Palaces of Milan. With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence. . . . But alas for the beautiful city! A time was at hand when all the seven vials of the Apocalypse were to be poured forth and shaken out over those pleasant countries —a time for slaughter, famine, beggary, infamy, slavery, despair."

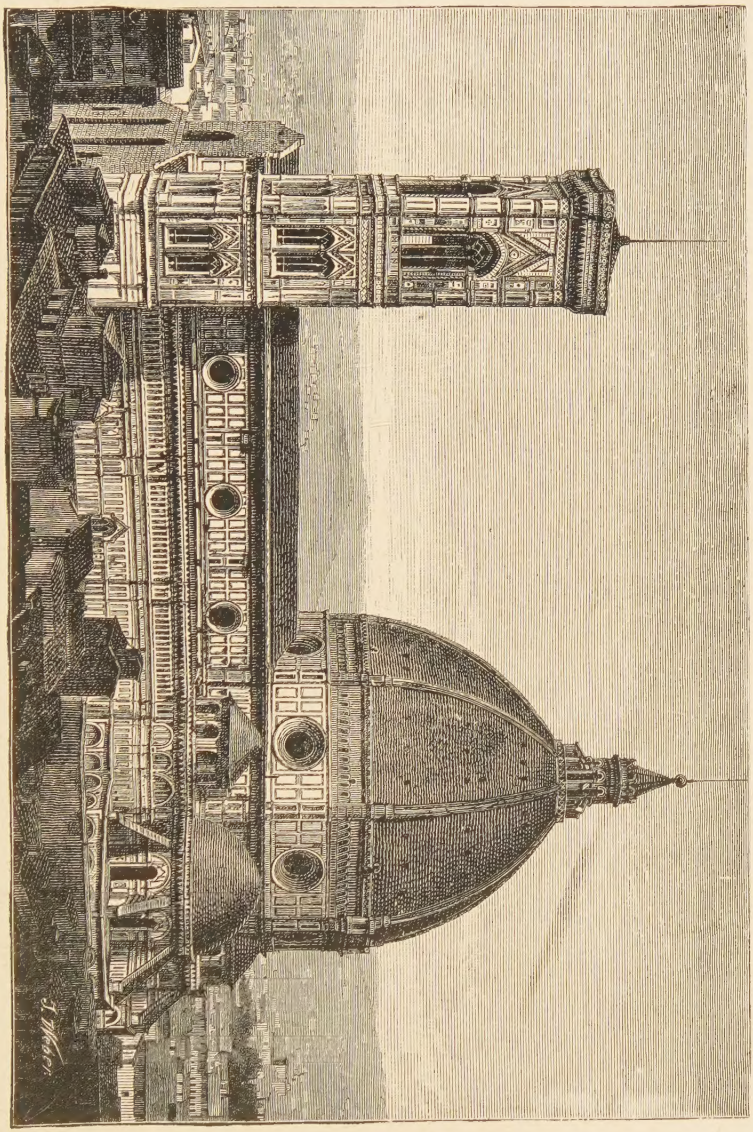
A characteristic of Florence has ever been her passionate love of liberty. On her arms for six hundred years has been inscribed the glorious word "Libertas." When other cities crouched beneath the heel of tyrants she flourished as a free republic. At length the princely House of the Medici obtained a sway which was really that of a monarch. The ostentatious prodigality of Lorenzo the Magnificent at once beguiled Florence of her liberty, corrupted her virtue, and hastened the calamities by which she was overwhelmed.

At this time, and on such a stage, God called the great Savonarola to play his brief but heroic part. The grandest soul of the fifteenth century animated his frail body. He beheld with dismay the awful corruptions of the times. He foretold the outpouring of the vials of wrath upon the land. He sought to set up Christ's throne in the earth. Like John the Baptist he was a voice crying, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is a hand." Like John the Baptist he fell a martyr to the truth which he proclaimed.

Savonarola was the scion of a noble family of Padua, but he was born at the ancient city of Ferrara, whose mouldering palaces and deserted streets still speak of its former opulence and splendour. He derived much of his heroic character from his brave-souled mother, who recalls the noble women of the early days of Rome. To her unfaltering faith his heart turned ever for support and inspiration even in his sternest trials and his darkest hour. He had been educated for the profession of medicine, but the deeper misery of the world's moral maladies were to demand his sympathy and succour rather than its physical ills. He felt in his soul a call of God to devote himself to a religious life, and he fled from a world lying in wickedness to the cloistered seclusion of the Dominican monastery of Bologna. Here he performed the humblest duties of the convent, toiling in the garden, or repairing the garments of the monks. "Make me as one of thy hired servants" was the cry of his world-weary heart as he sought refuge in the quiet of God's house. At the same time he devoted every hour of leisure to the works of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelical Doctor, to those of St. Augustine, and, above all, to the study of the Word of God. He was much given to prayer and fasting, to perplexed and often tearful thought. Like all great souls he nourished his spiritual strength by solitary communings with God, and wrestling with the great problems of duty and destiny. In two poems of this period, *De Ruina Mundi* and *De Ruina Ecclesiæ,* he mourns over the moral ruin of the Church and of the world.

In his soul there rankled, too, the deep and tender wound of disap-

pointed human affection. In his youth he had loved with all the passionate ardour of his nature a daughter of the princely House of Strozzi. But the impaired fortunes of his family caused the rejection of his suit — it is said with scorn — by the proud patrician.



THE CATHEDRAL, OR DUOMO, WITH GIOTTO'S TOWER, FLORENCE.

The zealous neophyte was greatly grieved at the ignorance and worldliness of the monks. But he found congenial employment in teaching them the principles of philosophy, and in expounding the Scriptures. His first attempts at public preaching, by which he was afterwards to sway so wonderfully the hearts of men, were very disheartening. In

his native town of Ferrara he could not get a hearing, and he bitterly remarked, "A prophet has no honour in his own country." Even in Florence his first audiences never exceeded twenty-five persons collected in the corner of a vast church. "I could not," he said, "so much as move a chicken."

But "the Word of God was as a fire in his bones," and could not be restrained. On his removal to the convent of San Marco he besought the prayers of the brethren and essayed to preach. He began a course of sermons on the Book of Revelation "and applied," says his biographer, "with tremendous force the imagery of John's vision to the condition and prospects of Italy. With a voice that rolled like thunder or pierced with the wild and mournful anguish of the loosened winds, he denounced the iniquities of the time, and foretold the tribulations that were at hand." Soon, so rapidly his audience grew, he had to leave the chapel and preach in the open cloisters, "standing beneath a damask rose tree," to the multitudes who thronged to hear. To this day the place is pointed out, and a damask rose tree still marks the spot. He had found, at length, his work, and for the remaining eight years of his life his voice was the most potent in Italy.

The burden of his preaching, he tells us, were these three propositions: "That the Church of God would be renovated in the then present time; that fearful judgments would precede that renovation; and that these things would come soon." With the anointed vision of the seer, discerning wisely the signs of the times, he exhorted men to repentance from sin and reformation of life. Soon the convent of San Marco became too small to hold the crowd of eager listeners, and the great Duomo became thenceforth the theatre of the mighty eloquence of the preaching friar. The pale face and deep, dark eyes gazed around on the vast assembly, and the thrilling, awe-inspiring voice filled the mighty dome.

His bold preaching proved very distasteful to the princely Lorenzo de Medici, by whom he had been promoted to the dignity of prior of San Marco. After attempting in vain to bribe him with gifts, the Prince sent a message threatening banishment from the city unless he learned more courtly ways. "Tell Lorenzo, from me," was the intrepid answer, "that though he is the first in the state, and I a foreigner and a poor brother, it will, nevertheless, happen that I shall remain after he is gone." These bold words were afterwards called to mind, as the greatest of the Medici lay upon his death-bed. In that solemn hour the dying prince sent for the only man in Florence who had dared to cross his will. The faithful preacher urged, as the condition of divine pardon, reparation for deeds of oppression, and the restoration of the usurped liberties of Florence. But the ruling passion was strong in death, and the prince passed to the tribunal of the skies without the priestly absolution that he craved.

The succeeding prince, Piero de Medici, was no less a tyrant than his sire. But the pulpit of Savonarola continued to be the ruling power in Florence. The bold monk was therefore banished to Bologna, where he ceased not to proclaim the judgments of God. At length he returned, on foot, with nothing but his staff and wallet, to the destined scene of his brief triumph and glorious martyrdom.

Foreseeing the evils that threatened the state, he saw, or thought he saw, in the midst of the smiling heavens, the vision of a sword bearing the words "*Gladius Domini super terram cito et velociter*—The sword of the Lord on the earth, swiftly and soon." That sword proved to be the French king,

Charles VIII., who, with a powerful army, subdued the peninsula as far as Naples. As the tread of armies drew near, again the prophetic voice of Savonarola was heard in the great Duomo, proclaiming the judgments of God in tones which come across the ages and move our souls to-day. His text was, "Behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth."

"Behold," he said, "the cup of your iniquity is full. Behold the thunder of the Lord is gathering, and it shall fall and break the cup, and your iniquity, which seems to you as pleasant wine, shall be poured out upon you, and shall be as molten lead. And you, O priests, who say, Ha, ha! there is no Presence in the sanctuary—the Shechinah is naught—the Mercy-seat is bare; we may sin behind the veil and who will punish us? To you I say, the presence of God shall be revealed in His temple as a consuming fire, and your sacred garments shall become a winding sheet of flame, and for sweet music there shall be shrieks and hissing, and for soft couches there shall be thorns, and for the breath of wantons shall come the pestilence; for God will no longer endure the pollution of His sanctuary; He will thoroughly purge His Church.

"Hear now, O Florence, chosen city in a chosen land! Repent and forsake evil; do justice; love mercy; put away all uncleanness from among you, and then the pestilence shall not enter, and the sword shall pass over you and leave you unhurt.

"Listen, O people, over whom my heart yearns as the heart of a mother over the children she has travailed for! God is my witness that, but for your sakes, I would willingly live as a turtle in the depths of the forest, singing low to my Beloved, who is mine and I am His. O Lord, Thou knowest I am willing, I am ready. Take me, stretch me on Thy cross; let the thorns press upon my brow, and let my sweat be anguish—I desire to be like Thee in Thy great love. But let me see the fruit of my travail; let this people be saved!"

Nor were the labours of Savonarola for the welfare of Florence confined to the pulpit of the Duomo. He went forth alone and on foot as an embassy to the invader, Charles VIII. In the spirit of Elijah rebuking Ahab he boldly admonished him.

"Most Christian King," he began, "thou art an instrument in the Lord's hand, who sends thee to assuage the miseries of Italy (as I have foretold for many years past), and lays on thee the duty of reforming the Church which lies prostrate in the dust. But if thou failest to be just and merciful; if thou dost not show respect to the city of Florence, to its women, its citizens, its liberty; if thou forgettest the work for which the Lord sends thee, He will then choose another to perform it, and will in anger let His hand fall heavily upon thee, and will punish thee with dreadful scourges. These things I say to thee in the name of the Lord."

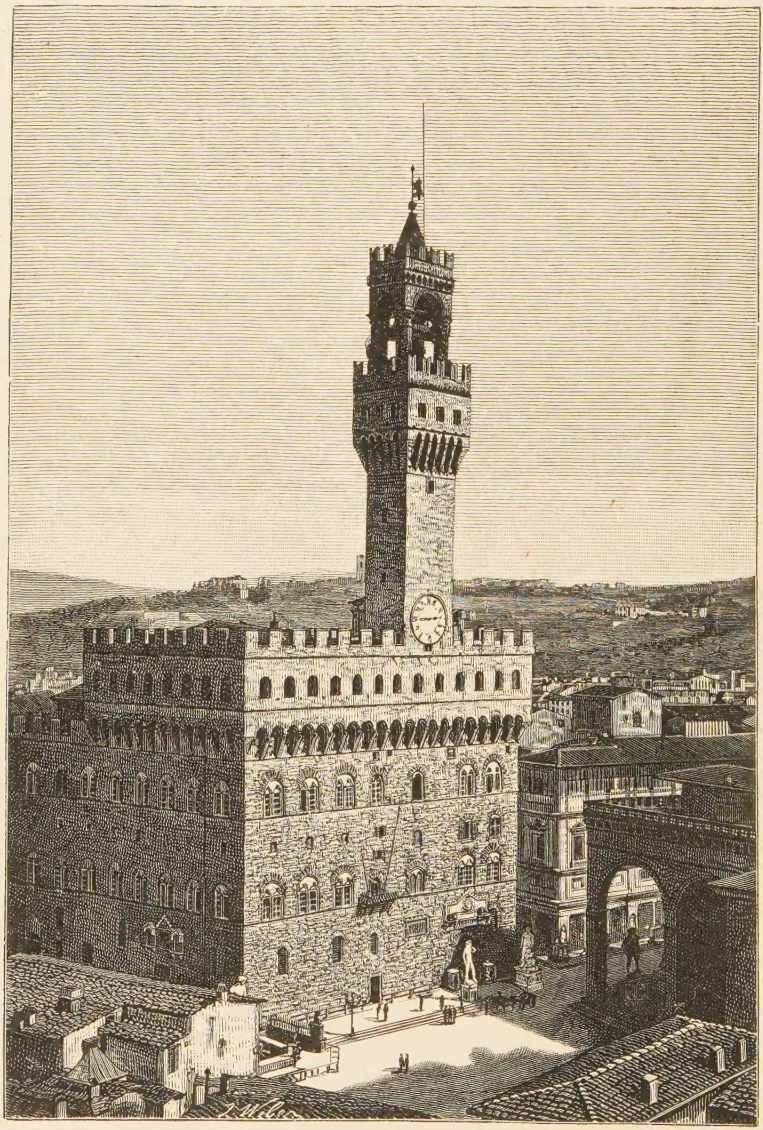
Once again "a poor wise man by his wisdom delivered a city," besieged by its enemies. The humble monk was a stronger defence of Florence than its walls and moats and armaments. Its ruler, Piero de Medici, fled in the hour of peril, and, in the disguise of a liveried lackey, sought an asylum in Venice. His palace was sacked and his art treasures scattered by the fickle mob, whom only the influence of Savonarola could call back to order. The French armies entered the city as allies instead of as enemies. Their long stay, however, wore out their welcome. Charles submitted an *ultimatum* which Capponi, the tribune of the people, refused to accept. "Then we will sound our trumpets," exclaimed the irritated king, threatening force. "And we," cried the patriot tribune, rending the parchment in pieces, "we will ring our bells." And the old cow, as the Florentines called the great bell in the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio, began to low,* its deep reverberations sounding like a tocsin over the city, where every house would become a fortress and every citizen a soldier for the defence of its ancient rights.

Again Savonarola became the

* *La vacca muglia* was the phrase for the ringing of this great bell, whose deep-toned notes still boom from its lofty tower.

champion of liberty. Again he bearded the lion in his lair, and in the name of Heaven commanded the invader to depart. And again the haughty King of France obeyed the words of the preaching friar.

Piero had fled, Charles had retired, and Florence was free to adopt a new constitution. Again all eyes were turned toward Savonarola, as the noblest mind and most potent will in Italy. And he shrank not from the task. He longed to see Christ's kingdom established in the



PALAZZO VECCHIO, FLORENCE.

Loggia dei Lanzi to the right. In front of this building Savonarola was burned.

earth — a kingdom of truth and righteousness, with God as its supreme ruler and law-giver.

A Great Council, a Council of eighty, and a Court of eight magistrates were therefore appointed to administer the affairs of the city, on the model of the ancient Republic of Venice. Taxation was equalized, and a right of appeal secured to the Great Council of the people. Yet the prior of San Marco sought no personal power. "He was never to be seen in the meetings in the Piazza," writes his contemporary, Vellari, "nor at the sittings of the Signoria; but he became the very soul of the whole people, and the chief author of all the laws by which the new Government was constituted." From his bare and solitary cell his imperial spirit ruled the souls of men by the right divine of truth and righteousness.

"The authority of Savonarola," writes an unfriendly critic,* "was now at its highest. Instead of a republic, Florence assumed the appearance of a theocracy, of which Savonarola was the prophet, the legislator, and the judge." A coin of this period is still extant, bearing a cross and the legend, JESUS CHRISTUM REX NOSTER—Jesus Christ, our King; and over the portal of the civic palace was placed the inscription, JESUS CHRISTUS REX FLORENTINI POPULI.

The great object of Savonarola was the establishment of Christ's kingdom in the earth, and the bringing into conformity thereto of all the institutions of this world. He began with his own convent of San Marco, putting away all luxuries of food, clothing, costly ecclesiastical furniture, and vestments. He enforced secular diligence among the monks, and assigned to the more gifted regular preaching duties. Hebrew, Greek, and the Oriental languages were sedulousiy taught, and San Marco became a famous school of the prophets and propaganda of the Christian faith in foreign parts. Yet the prior's rule was not stern, but kindly and gentle. He carefully cultivated the hearts and intellect of the youthful novices, and sought the inspiration and refreshment of their company. With a true philosophy he used to say, "If you wish me to preach well, allow me time to talk to my young people, for God often speaks by these innocent youths, as by pure vessels full of the Holy Ghost."

The moral reformation of the people was the great object of Savonarola's preaching and prayer. And seldom, if ever, has such a general reformation ensued. A pernicious carnival custom of long standing was an obstacle to the completeness of this reform. The youths of the city had been wont, in masquerade costumes, to levy contributions on the citizens to be spent in convivial excesses around great bonfires in the public squares. Savonarola sought to turn this enthusiasm into a pious channel. He organized the youths into companies, and, dressed in symbolic white and crowned with laurel, they sang soft Tuscan hymns and begged alms, not for themselves but for the poor.

A new sort of bonfire, too, was substituted for those of previous carnivals—a "bonfire of vanities." Troops of white-robed and impulsive young inquisitors, therefore, went from house to house asking for "vanities," whose proper place was the fire; and stopping the gaily bedizened holiday-makers in the street, exhorted them, for their souls' health, to make a burnt sacrifice of the "anathema" — the unseemly fineries upon their persons.

The annals of the time record many a serio-comic scene as these mischief-loving young Florentines sought out the abodes of some forlorn spinster or ancient dandy, and brought to light the dyes and perfumes of rouge pots, the wigs

* Roscoe, Life of Leo X., p. 346.

and masks and frippery with which they in vain attempted to conceal the ravages of age. The artist's studio gave up every picture that could raise a blush upon the cheek of innocence, and the vice-suggesting writings of Ovid, Boccaccio, and Pulci were heaped upon the growing pile. The heart of the city seemed moved by a common impulse to this moral purgation, as when at Ephesus, under the preaching of Paul fourteen centuries before, "many of them which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men."

In the great Piazza del Signoria, a pyramid of "vanities" was collected, sixty feet high and eighty yards in circuit. After morning communion, a vast procession wound from the Duomo to the Piazza. The white-robed children lined the square, and their pure, clear voices chanted the "lauds" and carols written for the day. Then the torch was applied; the flames leaped and writhed and revelled amid the things of folly and shame; and the trumpets blared, and the clangorous bells filled the air with peals of triumph and joy.

"Florence was like a city burning its idols, and with solemn ceremony vowing fidelity in all the future to the worship of the one true God. One more offering up of 'vanities' by fire took place in the following year. Then followed a burning of a different sort on the same spot, in which the person of Savonarola furnished food for the flame and excitement for the populace; which burning ended the grand Florentine drama of the fifteenth century."

Already the clouds were gathering which were to shroud in a dire eclipse of woe the glories of that auspicious day. There were many in the once gay and luxurious Florence who were not in harmony with the high moral tone to which society was keyed. There were also secret agents and friends of the fugitive Medici. These combined against the *Frateschi,* or followers of Savonarola, and chief supporters of the Republic. A conspiracy for the restoration of Piero was detected. Five of its leaders were tried and found guilty, and suffered the inevitable penalty, in that age, of high treason. Savonarola was averse to their execution, would have preferred their exile, but was overruled by what were deemed necessities of State.

Under the civil disturbances, trade languished and idleness and poverty prevailed. Then famine and pestilence followed—the mysterious and awful plague of the middle ages—and the sick, the dying and the dead were in every street and square. Savonarola remained at his post, although the plague entered the monastery, and was himself the chief source of succour to the terror-stricken community.

But the chief enemy of the intrepid friar was that "Nero of the Papacy," the infamous Borgia, Alexander VI. The Pope sent first a flattering invitation to "his much-beloved son, the most zealous of all the labourers in the Lord's vineyard," inviting him to Rome, in order to deprive Florence of his wise counsels. Savonarola respectfully declined the invitation, urging his broken health and the need of his services to the new Government. Then the tiger-claws which stroked so smoothly in their silken sheath were shown; and "Gerolamo Savonarola, a teacher of heritical doctrine," was summoned under heavy penalties to the presence of the Sovereign Pontiff. The prior of San Marco refused to leave his post; when the enraged Pope, dreading the power of his eloquence, prohibited his preaching.

For a time Savonarola yielded obedience, but the sweet constraint of the Gospel compelled him to proclaim its truths. "Without preaching," he exclaimed, "I cannot live." His Lenten sermons, as his voice

rang once more through the great Duomo, fell with strange power on the hearts of men. Their fame rang through Europe, and even there ran an undertone of sadness, and prescience of his impending doom.

The Pope, thinking every nature

LOGGIA DEI LANZI, FLORENCE.

the Sultan of Turkey had them translated, that he might understand the controversy that was shaking Christendom. But through them all as venal as his own, now tried the effects of bribery, and offered the preaching friar a princedom in the Church and a cardinal's hat, if he

would only cease from "prophesying." "Come to my sermon tomorrow," said the monk to the ambassador, "and you shall have my answer." In the presence of a vast assembly in the Duomo, Savonarola, with burning words, refused the glittering bribe. "I will have no other crimson hat," he exclaimed, with a foreboding of his coming doom, "than that of martyrdom, crimsoned with my own blood."

When the bold defiance was reported to the Pope, for a moment conscience-stricken at the spectacle of such heroic virtue, he exclaimed, "This must be a true servant of God." But the strong vindictive passions soon awoke again. The terrors of the major excommunication were launched against his victim, and all men were commanded to hold him as one accursed. The Cardinal of Siena, afterward Pope Julius II., sent a secret message to the persecuted friar offering to have the ban removed for the sum of five thousand crowns. "To buy off the Pope's curse," was the defiant answer, "was a greater disgrace than to bear it."

The commission of an awful crime in his family again stung the guilty conscience of the Borgia to a brief remorse. The dead body of his son, the Duke of Gandia, was found floating in the Tiber, pierced with many stabs, and the crime was traced to his brother Cæsar, a cardinal of the Church. The dreadful fratricide smote the world with horror; and Savonarola wrote the wretched Pontiff a letter of pious counsel and condolence. But the tide of worldliness soon overflowed again that sordid nature. The resources of the Church were lavished on the murderer, and the man of God was persecuted with still more bitter malignity.

Savonarola's last Lenten sermons seemed burdened with a foreknowledge of his near-approaching fate. They were more intensely earnest than ever, like the words of a dying man, to whom the verities of the unseen were already laid bare. The light of his eye was undimmed, and the eloquent voice still thrilled as of yore the hearts of the multitude who thronged the vast Duomo. But the frail body was wasted almost to emaciation. An inward fire seemed to consume his outward frame. So intense were the emotions excited, that the shorthand reporter of his sermons narrates that "such was the anguish and weeping that came over him, that he was obliged to stop recording his notes."

The anathema of the Pope, at which conquering monarchs have turned pale, was upon him, but his high courage quailed not. "A wicked, unbelieving Pope," he said, "who has gained his seat by bribery, is *not* Christ's Vicar. His curses are broken swords; he grasps a hilt without a blade. His commands are contrary to Christian life; it is lawful to disobey them—nay, it *is not lawful to obey them.*" And turning away from the wrath of man to the righteous tribunal of God, he inly said, like one of old, "Let them curse, but bless Thou."

One of his last public acts was a solemn appeal to Heaven in vindication of his integrity of soul. Taking in his hand the vessel containing the consecrated Host, he thus addressed the listening multitude:

"You remember, my children, I besought you, when I should hold this sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High, that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light, which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it *now.*"

Then, with rapt and uplifted countenance, he prayed, in a voice not loud, but distinctly audible in the wide stillness:

"O Lord, if I have not wrought sincerity in my soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, smite me in this moment with Thy thunder, and let the fires of Thy wrath consume me."

In the awful silence of that moment he stood motionless, when suddenly a beam of golden light, striking on the pale and furrowed face, lit it up as with a celestial halo. "Behold the answer," said each man in his heart and many with their lips. Then, with the yearning solicitude of a father for his children about to be orphaned, he stretched out his wasted hand, and, in a voice in which tears trembled, pronounced the benediction on the people—"Benedictione perpetua, benedicat vos, Pater Eternus."

But the curse of Rome was a terror to all weaker souls than that of the intrepid martyr. The Pope threatened, unless Savonarola were silenced or imprisoned, to lay the whole city of Florence under an interdict, which should cut it off from all intercourse with the world, and render its merchants and citizens liable to the confiscation of their goods. That argument conquered. The voice through which God spoke to Europe was soon silenced forever.

Despairing of the reform of the Church by the Pope, Savonarola had written a letter to Charles VIII., urging the convocation of a General Council for that purpose. This letter was intercepted by fraud and sent to the vindictive Borgia, who thereupon launched new fulminations against his victim. These new terrors influenced the magistrates of Florence to abandon the prior to his impending fate, and at last to become the instruments of his ruin.

For the last time Savonarola addressed in words of cheer and counsel the brethren of San Marco. As they were assembled for evening prayers, sounds of tumult were heard without, and soon a mob of armed men assailed the gates. Some thirty monks barricaded the doors and fought in their long white robes as bravely for their beloved prior as ever Knight Templar for the tomb of Christ. "Let me go and give myself up," he said, seeking to quell the strife. "I am the sole cause of this myself." "Do not abandon us," they cried. "You will be torn to pieces, and then what shall become of us?" Yielding to their entreaties, he summoned them to the choir that they might seek God in prayer.

Meanwhile the frantic mob set fire to the doors, scaled the walls and burst into the choir. The civic guards soon entered and led away, as prisoners, Savonarola and his intrepid friend, Fra Dominico. A brutal mob, made up of the very dregs of the city, clamoured for his blood and wreaked their rage upon their unresisting victim. He was kicked, smitten, spat upon, and bitterly reviled. "This is the true light," cried a low ruffian, as he thrust a flaring torch in his face. Other wretches buffeted him with their fists, and jeered, like another mob in the presence of another Victim, "Prophesy who it is that smote thee." But, like the Master whom he served, who, when He was buffeted answered not, the patient confessor endured with meekness the very bitterness of human rage and hate. He was thrust into prison, and was soon brought to trial. Charles VIII. died, and all hope of General Council or of succour for Savonarola was at an end. The Pope and his creatures had their victim in their power.

"During many days," says the historian of the event, "the prior was subjected to alternate examination and torture. He was drawn up from the ground by ropes knotted round his arms, and then suddenly let down with a jerk, which wrenched all the muscles of his sensitive frame. Fire, too, was at times put under his feet. How often torture was applied to him we

have no means of learning. One witness (Violi) declares that he had seen him, in one day, hoisted by the rope no fewer than fourteen times!"

In his lonely cell, in the intervals of his torture, the brave soul turned from the strife of tongues to commune with God. With his mutilated hand he wrote his meditations, which are still extant, on the thirty-first and fifty-first Psalms. "I shall place my hope on the Lord," he said, "and before long, I shall be set free from all tribulation."

His doom had long been decreed. Alexander Borgia had declared that Savonarola should be put to death even though he were John the Baptist. Sentence of death was therefore pronounced upon him and on his two devoted friends, Fra Dominico and Fra Salvestro.

On the morning of the 23rd May, 1498, after early communion in the prison, the destined victims walked together to the place of doom in the great square of the ordeal and of the "Bonfire of Vanities." The Pope's commissioner stripped off their gowns and pronounced the last anathema: "I separate you from the Church militant and triumphant." "That," replied with a calm, clear voice, the hero soul of Savonarola, "is beyond your power." A vast mob surged around the scaffold and the martyr pyre, but he seemed to see them not. With unfaltering step and with a rapt smile upon his pale, worn face, he went to his death. His last words were, like those of his Lord and Master and of the proto-martyr, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commit my spirit." His comrades in life and in death with equal dignity met their fate. They were first hanged till dead and then burned to ashes. As the torch was applied, writes the biographer, "from the storied Piazza, the saddest and most suicidal 'burning' that Florence had ever witnessed sent up its flame and smoke into the bright heaven of that May morning. On this 23rd day of May, 1498, aged forty-five years, the greatest man of his day—great on every side of him, great as a philosopher, a theologian, a statesman, a reformer of morals and religion, and greatest of all as a true man of God—died in a way which was worthy of him, a martyr to the truth for which he had lived."

"Lest the city should be polluted by his remains," says a contemporary, "his ashes were carefully gathered and thrown into the Arno."

STATUE OF DANTE, FLORENCE.

In the narrow cell at San Marco, in which Savonarola wept and watched and prayed, hangs a contemporary painting of this tragic scene, and by its side a portrait of the martyr monk with his keen dark eyes, his eagle visage, his pale cheek, and his patient thought-worn brow. In a case beneath are his vestments, his crucifix, rosary, Bible and MS. sermons. As we gaze on these relics, thought and feeling overleap the intervening centuries, and we seem brought into living

contact with the hero-soul, who counted not his life dear unto him for the testimony of Jesus.

The ungrateful city which exiled or slew her greatest sons, Dante and Savonarola, was overtaken by a swift Nemesis. Soon the Medici returned in power, and long ruled it with an iron hand. When Rome, the proud city of the Seven Hills, "that was eternal named," was besieged, taken and sacked by a foreign army, the prophetic words of the great prior were remembered. Florence for a time again drove the Medician tyrants from power. Again "the Council elected, and proclaimed Christ the King of Florence, and the famous cry, '*Viva Gesu Christo Nostro Re,*' was once more the watchword of the city." But despotism was again installed on the ruins of freedom, "and for long centuries the light of Florence was extinguished."

In fitting words a recent biographer of the great Reformer thus concludes his fascinating memorials of his life:

"It seemed like the acting of a piece of historical justice when, nearly four hundred years after the martyrdom of the prior, the late King Victor Immanuel opened the first parliament of a united Italy in the city of Florence, and in the venerable hall of the *Consiglio Maggiore*. The representative assembly, which gathered in the hall of Savonarola's Great Council, bridged over centuries of darkness and misrule, connecting the aspirations of a hardly-won freedom in the present with those of a distant and glorious past, and secured permanently, let us hope, for the whole of Italy the precious liberties for which the Monk of San Marco died."

THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

HAVE you heard the tale of the Aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of an hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks into a thousand flowers;
This floral queen, in its blooming seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming *dies.*

Have you heard the tale of the Pelican,
The Arabs' Gimel el Bahr,
That lives in the African solitudes,
Where birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
And cares and toils for their good?
It brings them water from fountains afar,
And fishes the seas for their food.
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise—
The blood of its bosom, and feeding them *dies.*

You have heard these tales: let me tell you one,
A greater and better than all.
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above,
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and pain of the Cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer Divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine!

Have you heard of this tale—the best of them all—
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life, in untold souls,
Lives on in the world anew.
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth
As the stars fill the sky above;
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life; His loss is our gain.
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

O hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
Who for others yield up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you the seed that would grow
Into earth's dark bosom must fall—
Must pass from the view and die away,
And then will the fruit appear:
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
Will return many fold in the ear.
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—*H. H.*

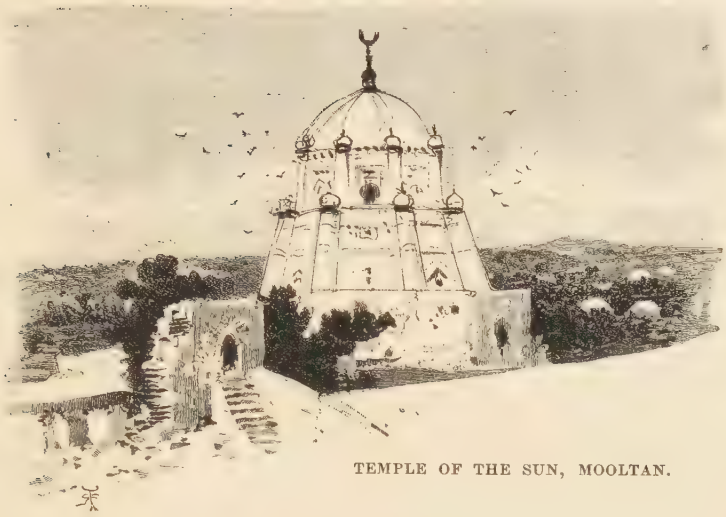
CITY, RICE SWAMP AND HILL; OR, MISSIONARY TRIUMPHS IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH G. ANGWIN.

EVENING PRAYER ON THE GANGES.

THE headline of this article is the title of a "Manual of Missions," by W. Johnson, B.A., Missionary of the London Missionary Society in Calcutta for thirty-one years. Such a writer expressing his convictions, detailing his experiences, and making his suggestions, is certainly not open to Lord Dufferin's criticism of "the intelligent traveller who has come to India for three months with the intention of writing an encyclopædic work on its government and people, and who is therefore able to speak in a spirit of infallibility denied to us lesser men." Mr. Johnson's long and close contact with the Indian peoples, as well as his extensive experience in missionary work among them, makes him a safe guide in any attempt on our part to become more perfectly acquainted with the vastness, complexity and difficulty of the Church's problem in that strange land. It is proposed, in this paper, to follow the leadership of this veteran, and so far as our limits will allow he shall speak for himself.

The field open for our inspection, if not the world, is a large fraction of its habitable surface, and a larger fraction of its human masses. If Russia be excepted, the continent of Europe will about cover the area of the Indian Empire. The last census gives 280,000,000 as its population. Two religio-political communities—the Hindus, numbering 200,000,000, and the Mohammedans, 50,000,000—include the larger part of the people. Burmah, recently annexed, gives 10,000,000, who are Buddhists in religion and Mongolian in race.



TEMPLE OF THE SUN, MOOLTAN.

These are in their turn divided and subdivided into nationalities distinct and different from each other in race, language, customs, character and civilization. The divergence here is as great as is to be found in the climate of the country, as it varies from the sweltering heat of the southern plains to the cool and bracing atmosphere of the northern mountains. Both ends of the scale of civilization are in India. Perhaps nowhere else will one be in so good a position to study the various stages of the development of the human animal, from the naked and savage hill-man, with his stone hatchet and arrow-heads, his head-hunting and polyandrous habits, to the Europeanized native gentleman, polished, refined, literary, and of advanced political ideas. This is upon the surface everywhere visible.

There is another India, that "of hoary superstitions and errors, of deep prejudices, of ancient traditions, of long transmitted antipathies. Into this deeper and darker India the missionary has to descend, to familiarize himself with it, and there to 'wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.'"

The difficulties of this field are as numerous as its human millions, as varied as their languages and customs, and as gigantic as their hoary systems of idolatry. With reference

TEMPLE AT LAHORE.

to this last Mr. Johnson says, "The visitor to North India, let us say, is struck with the sight of thronging multitudes in the great cities. He sees scores of thousands absorbed in the celebration of their religious festivals. Let a man stand on a housetop in the city of Benares and look down on eighty thousand people celebrating the Ram Lela in honour of their favourite hero and god Rama. How interested the

ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE.

multitudes are! . . Day by day he will see the sacred river alive with men and women standing up to the middle in the water worshipping and washing away their sins. He will meet crowds of pilgrims on their way to holy shrines. The temples are thronged. Hinduism fills the air. It sweeps on in its might, self-absorbed, self-sufficient, disdaining or not noticing aught but itself."

The central station of the London Missionary Society's work in Bengal is situated at Bhowanipur, the largest of the four suburbs which form the southern boundary of Calcutta, "The City of Palaces." At the Mahratta ditch, which is the boundary of the city, "the stately ends, dirt and squalor begin. Dust clouds fill the air. An open drain runs alongside the foot-path, a bed of liquid typhoid. The shops in the native bazaar are sheds without windows. Piles of sweetmeats are exposed, unprotected from dust, with swarms of wasps and fat flies buzzing about them. Bah! how strong is the smell of rancid fat! . . . . Grogshops, alas, are numerous. The rumseller squats aloft on the beams that support his spirit-casks, waiting, like an evil bird, for his prey."

In the midst of this human hive the cross has been planted, and "The London Missionary Society's Institution" stands out in bold relief and noble prominence, with library, lecture and class-rooms having accommodation for 1,100 scholars. This educational building, with adjacent home for Christian converts, zenana home, and missionary residence, forms a complete and extensive station. Of these erections not one is more necessary or useful than the home for Christian converts. This is really a refuge to meet hard necessities, when the youthful convert is driven with threats, curses and bruises from his ancestral home—when the young man is under compulsion to forsake father and mother and houses and lands for Christ's sake and His Gospel's. Christian life in the Hindu home has been to the present, except in rare cases, an impossibility. One of the early converts gives

OLD DELHI.

INDIAN WEAPONS.

his own experience in the following words:

"When all resources failed, my father began to shed tears, and cried like a little child. This was the most dreadful of all the trials I had to pass through. Even now it sends a pang to my heart as I think of it after more than thirty-four years. He passed his arms under mine, and pressed me to his breast, and weeping said, 'Come home with me and do not be a Christian. It breaks my heart to think of it. You will be the cause of my death. Come home with me or I shall die.' Oh! that was a most fearful trial, but grace was given me to endure it. Seeing his last attempt fail, he changed. His anger was awful. 'I see,' he said, giving vent to his indignation, 'you will not change your mind. Go, then, and be a Christian or whatever you like. But never see my face again. Do not dream of entering my house. If you come there I will kill you or kill myself. You are no more my son. You are dead to me.' So saying, he turned his back on me, and kept his word for full seven years. Never for a single night was I allowed to sleep under his roof."

This man, the Rev. Nundo Lal Doss, found refuge in the converts' home, and laboured many years among his countrymen.

At Bhowanipur prominence was early given to education as a means to evangelization. Six Hindu youths entered the school on the day it was opened in 1837. There followed rapid growth. In five years the scholars had increased to three hundred and fifty. The present establishment was prayerfully set apart for its work on the 2nd of February, 1854. The educational work at Bhowanipur is part of a Christian movement in India which has deeply and widely influenced the peoples of that continent.

The first reason for this mode of missionary work is in the fact that India is part of the British Empire. Where we rule there we must take our language. The second reason lies in the conviction that Western education must be destructive to faith in the Shastras as a Divine revelation. While the Bible is not the only text-book used in such schools, it is a prominent one, and every effort is made to fasten its sublime and saving truths on the minds of the young men who are present in the class-rooms only that they may learn English. Mr. Johnson writes, "Sometimes, when speaking with the Book of Proverbs open before me, I have seen every eye fastened on mine, and the silence

has been profound. Then have I said within myself, 'Now the Word is sinking into their hearts. The Lord give it power!' I have heard a young man say of the missionary, 'I used to keep away from his Bible class. I could not bear to go. It made me miserable to hear him and yet remain a Hindu.'"

Sometimes a letter or message would reach the patient teacher from a former pupil, who had entered the school a heathen lad, and so far as was known had left it a heathen young man. Here is an extract from such a letter: "My poverty has driven me to accept a post here, so remote from you all, who have poured into my mind the day-spring of the Word and the fear of God. But though this has been the case, I know that your warnings, and especially your blessings, will always keep me safe from the extreme evil passions of my mind and from the wiles and fraud of this world. A new life I have found there, and hope God will help me always in the fulfilment of my duties to Him."

WATER CARRIER, BENARES.

These "old boys" are to be met with in all parts of the land. Some are in very important positions; others occupy more lowly places. The testimony of one, a medical student, given in answer to a question, is sufficiently clear: "I worship the one true God and Father. A few young friends and myself meet together for prayer every week." Through the influence of these schools mighty changes are being wrought in the Indian world of mind. Ancient foundations that have long stood unmoved are being shaken. Religious souls are seeking after God, and with strong cryings are beseeching Him to manifest Himself unto them. One such seeker said: "I desire to know God, and to get near to Him. There is one thing I desire: *I burn for spiritual perfection.*" Who shall say that the truth is not finding a place of lodgment in the Indian heart and conscience, and that by the instrumentality of education? Such testimonies are more than sufficient answer to those who inveigh against the cost in men and money of the literary side of missionary effort.

Two great hindrances stand in the way of the evangelization of India—caste and the jealous seclusion of women, specially those belonging to the more influential and wealthy section of the population. In Hinduism the barriers of caste are insurmountable. To be born a priest, a warrior or a labourer is to have the whole fate fixed. The Brahman is a divinity, and to be worshipped. The Khaist, though inferior, is of the twice-born. But "the Self-existent created the Sudra merely for the sake of the Brahman." To become a Christian is to break caste. The problem before the missionary is to break down caste, and to fuse into one gracious whole the diverse and often antagonistic elements of Indian society. Hopeless as the task may seem, it has in some small measure been accomplished, and gathered about the Lord's table

or operating side by side in harmony and love as pastors or evangelists are to be found representatives of all the castes.

Another and not less powerful hindrance is the fact that the outsider is completely excluded from the inner domestic life. The visitor is admitted only to the outer chambers of his neighbour's house.

HINDU WOMAN.

There is a section of India which has been almost unapproachable. It is that section composed of the wives, mothers, daughters and young children of the land. The Hindu looks upon woman as "not only weak, but naturally and incurably evil." The men are instructed to keep the women of their household in constant dependence. "A woman is never fit for independence," is the teaching of Manu, the Indian lawgiver. "Both day and night a man must keep his wife so much in subjection that she by no means is the mistress of her own actions. A woman shall never go out of the house without the consent of her husband, and shall never hold converse with a strange man, and shall not stand at the door, and must not look out of the window."

To meet this curious and perplexing condition of affairs, zenana missions have been established, and are now by the agency of sanctified women, native and foreign, bearing into the dark and dreary homes of India the light of salvation and the consolations of the Gospel. One of

the zenana women, who had been made a widow when only nine years old, and who had by a series of providences been led to the mission establishment and then to Christ, testifies of her work: "For thirty years I have never ceased to labour for God. Christ said to the woman of Samaria, 'Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life.' I am joyfully offering this water to others. I thank God that He has spared me so long to labour for Him." This department of toil is being more fully occupied.

The results are becoming more and more visible. Access to the apartments of the women is more easy. The women of India are slowly emerging from the seclusion of centuries and from the dense darkness of the night of heathenism. One of the marked results of zenana work is seen in the rapidly increasing interest taken by natives themselves in female education. The latest Government report shows two thousand girls' schools in operation, containing more than eighty thousand pupils. To-day there are young lady B.A.'s and M.A.'s in Calcutta. A number are devoting themselves to the study of medicine. At one examination a young woman carried off all the honours, standing at the head of all the candidates. At a recent convocation a young wife took the degree with her husband. When Governor-General, His Excellency Lord Dufferin presided at a college gathering when two of the dusky beauties of Hindustan came forward to receive their diplomas, and were cheered to the echo by the immense concourse of spectators.

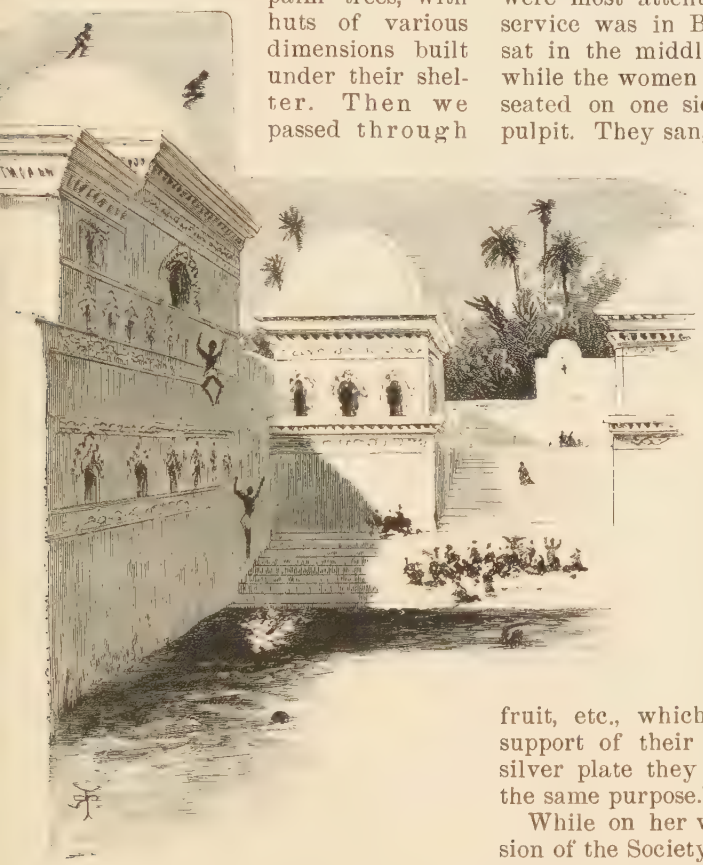
To the south of the City of Palaces lie the great rice fields, where is carefully and patiently cultivated the grain which is almost the sole food of hundreds of millions of our fellowmen. For months in the year the land is under water, and has the appearance of a vast lake dotted here and there with small islands which are occupied by the steadings of the farmers. As the seasons change the country becomes green with the growing and yellow with the ripening grain. In this section is situated the village of Karapukur, the centre of a most successful mission of the London Missionary Society.

As long ago as 1825 Mr. Trawin was the means of introducing the Gospel into these communities. Preaching one day under a shed in the great market of Chitla, he was rudely interrupted by a stalwart farmer who angrily protested against the teaching. Mr. Trawin invited his opposer and his friends to a private interview. The invitation was accepted and many visits were paid to the home of the missionary. The immediate result was that these men opened their hearts to the truth, and on October 18th, 1825, Ramji Pramanik and his two friends were publicly baptized. The home of the converts was next visited, and a congregation was speedily gathered. A church was soon built, and on November 7th, 1826, was set apart for worship. This church occupied the site of, and was in part constructed from materials which had previously formed a temple of Siva. A gentleman of Calcutta has given his impressions of this mission, received during a brief visit:

"We had heard of the South Villages, one of the mission stations of the London Missionary Society, and paid it a visit. The minister had at one time been a high-caste Brahmin, but is now an earnest preacher of the Gospel, and has jurisdiction over seven churches within a radius of thirty miles. The total congregation of the seven churches is between 1,000 and 1,500. His own numbers nearly 300, and of it we have now to write. We left Calcutta about

noon, and after driving out of town, we passed along the bank of a canal, which was crowded with quaint-looking craft of all kinds, from the *bhur*, which resembles a large thatched hut built on a broad boat, to trunks of trees hollowed out, which come up from the Soonderbunds laden with rice to be sold in Calcutta.

"We passed close to clumps of palm trees, with huts of various dimensions built under their shelter. Then we passed through



THE HAMYAN JUMP, DELHI.

an expanse of rice fields, mostly of rich yellow, ripe for the harvest; then through groves of palm, mango, and tamarind trees, till about a quarter to two we reached our destination.

"The bell began to ring, and at two o'clock we walked over to the church. Outside a bell was hung between two palm trees, and a little boy sounded the chimes with a piece of bamboo. The church we found to be pretty large, accommodating over three hundred people. The sides and roof were of bamboos matted and thatched, the pillars being trunks of palm trees. The congregation, who were all of the peasant, fisherman or artisan class, were most attentive hearers. The service was in Bengali. The men sat in the middle of the building, while the women and children were seated on one side and round the pulpit. They sang lustily, and were accompanied by a tom-tom—a species of native drum—and a pair of cymbals. The service consisted of singing psalms and hymns, reading from the Old and New Testaments, prayer, and a sermon, through all of which the interest never seemed to flag. The collection was taken in a basket and a silver plate. In the basket are put rice, eggs, fruit, etc., which are sold for the support of their catechist. In the silver plate they collect money for the same purpose."

While on her way to visit a mission of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Lady Dufferin made a brief call at this Christian community in the rice swamps. She was received with enthusiasm. Her gracious reply to an address from the people, presented by their pastor, Tin Kaori Chaterjo, showed how fully her ladyship's heart was in sympathy with the work.

In south-western Bengal is situ-

ated a hilly table-land inhabited by a people of small stature and dark skin. They are active and industrious, and in pursuit of remunerative work have found their way into other parts of Bengal. They are frequently seen as scavengers cleaning the public drains. Missions to this people were established in Ranchee, the capital of their province, by the Germans in 1845. The beginning was accompanied by death and disaster. Unwise zeal, coupled with ignorance of climatic conditions, wrought in this instance what they have often wrought elsewhere, and as a consequence the work was almost paralyzed. Five years of work and waiting passed away before the first-fruits were gathered. Even then the harvest was very small. There was no great prosperity before the Sepoy mutiny. The mutineers destroyed the mission. Sword and flame were ruthlessly employed. A price was set on the heads of the converts. God's children were scattered abroad, and once more "went everywhere preaching the word."

On the restoration of peace the missionaries returned and were soon surrounded by a band of earnest and faithful co-workers whose hearts "the Lord had touched." Christ became the subject of conversation, and the object of love and trust in villages to which the missionary had not penetrated. A countryman who had come to Ranchee was once asked, "Who told you about Jesus Christ?" "Who?" said the man; "why, the teaching is all over the country." "So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed." The year 1865 witnessed the baptism of nine hundred converts, many of them the fruit of seed sown by native Christians.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising to find much ignorance of Christian truth. A convert appeared at one time before a missionary for examination in order to reception, at the same time begging to be excused, and affirming that he could not answer questions, but if permitted could pray. "Let us pray, then," said the missionary, and there followed such a prayer as left no doubt in the minds of the listeners that the petitioner was versed in the "deep things of God."

To tabulate the triumphs of the Cross in India is almost impossible. There are many secret Christians. There are many more far removed from Christian centres of operation who are ready to confess their faith so soon as their district or village is visited by the itinerant preacher. This, however, can be said, the increase of professed Christians is unprecedented. Sixty-four per cent. is the advance for Bengal in the decade 1881 to 1891. The whole of India, including Ceylon and Burmah, shows an increase of thirty-four per cent. in nine years. The Cross is in the ascendant. The kingdom militant is increasingly victorious. The nations wait for its coming. The outlook is bright with promise. India, brightest gem on Britain's crown, will in the near future be one of the most brilliant jewels on the crown of Jesus, King of kings and Lord of lords.

BURLINGTON, N.S.

PRAYER.

I NEED not leave the jostling world,
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,
To fold my palms in secret prayer
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,
As high as heaven, as fair as day,
Where, though my feet may join the throng,
My soul can enter in and pray.

And never through those crystal walls
The clash of life can pierce its way,
Nor ever can a human ear
Drink in the spirit words I say.

One hearkening, even, cannot know
When I have crossed the threshold o'er
For He alone, who hears my prayer,
Has heard the shutting of the door.

WALKS IN LONDON.

BY REV. W. HARRISON.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

NEVER did the earth, in all her pilgrimage through the years, carry in her great, kind arms a city of such proportions as the London of to-day. It is not the language of extravagance when we state that, in this most imperial of all the renowned capitals of earth, we may touch the pulse-beat of the age, and feel the push and heart-throbs of the world.

London has relations with almost every nation, race and clime, and the tidings of every event on sea or land speed on swiftest wing to this great centre of intelligence and life. No disaster by fire or flood, by fierce and terrible tempest, by famine or earthquake, but sobs its story in this ear of the world.

It is a striking fact, as Herschel, the astronomer, has stated, that London is literally the centre of the land system of the globe, and from this spot is ruled the mightiest empire which has ever in the whole history of the past owned the sway of a single hand. From this peerless metropolis of the present hour are governed about one-fourth of the human race.

The magnitude of this queen city of the world is so vast that it becomes almost bewildering. A few statements may, however, assist us in forming some fair idea of its colossal extent.

In a single decade there were 165,954 houses added to London, then estimated to contain 700,000 houses, and as many as 27,000 being added in one year. The area of this proud capital is 700 square miles, and its streets if placed end to end would reach some 3,000 miles. Imagine a street extending from Nova Scotia to California!

In this "province covered with

houses," there are at present over five millions of people, or as many as are found in all the far-stretching lands of the Canadian Dominion. "In other words," as a forcible writer has said, "the population of the British metropolis is three times larger than that of Scotland; equals that of nine* Chicagos; and is almost as great as that of the State of New York, with the cities of New York, Brooklyn, Albany, Rochester, Syracuse and Buffalo included. Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Amsterdam, Genoa, Florence and Milan may all be consolidated before London is surpassed. Even Paris, its most ambitious competitor, may be consolidated with either Vienna or Berlin, and Naples, Rome, Genoa, Cologne and Dresden may then be added, and still this unmatched city of London would yet be unsurpassed. Every year about fifty thousand are added to the population and nearly fifty miles of new streets."

Archdeacon Farrar, who has made London and its life a special study, stated recently that since the beginning of this century three millions have been added to the inhabitants of the great city, and, at the present rate of increase, before another hundred years are over London will be a city of more than *twenty millions!* Every inch of ground in the city proper, when placed in the market, is ardently contended for and secures returns almost fabulous. A special plot of land in Lombard Street recently brought a price equal to *ten million dollars per acre!*

To stand on the golden gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral, some four hundred feet high, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity than can elsewhere be seen from any other spot on earth.

All the panoramas of life and human affairs that have ever been unrolled in any city in the past, must for extent and deep and thrilling interest be pushed aside when London, with its sights and sounds and ever-expanding greatness, comes upon the stage. "I have seen the greatest wonder which the world can show to the astonished spirit," said Heinrich Heine. "I have seen it and am still astonished —forever will there remain fixed indelibly on my memory the stone forest of houses, amid which flows the rushing stream of faces of living men—I mean London." Few, if any, of the great centres of the world's life have so many historic recollections thronging around them as are found in the metropolis of the British Empire.

About the towers, abbey, churches, palaces, prisons; the monuments, galleries, halls, museums, streets, squares, and the noble Thames, are crowded a thousand memories which long ago have been committed to the "everlasting custody of the printed page." Here have been witnessed scenes of bitterest conflict and darkest tragedy; deeds of lofty achievement which have crowned the actors with undying fame, and still the vast drama moves on and on and unrolls its mighty story full of splendid incident and touching pathos, of heroic toil, of magnificence and ruin.

What an unparalleled aggregation of human beings meets one in this mammoth city of the globe! What a strange, fascinating romance does its development present! What a change from the little town of Lud which stood there before the Romans came, or still greater, as Mr. Loftie in his recent history of London tells us, since in the pre-historic time the "elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was a haunt of stags, and when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone."

And yet in this vast ocean of human life, with its ceaseless tides of commotion, its everlasting roll of

* Now three.

excitement and energy, its light and shade, splendour and squalor, and its bloodless Waterloos in which highest destinies are lost and won, there is to most minds an irresistible fascination and peculiar charm. This rushing to and fro, this whirl and thunder in the crowded streets, this burning intensity to which life is pitched, this fierce, feverish race of all things, until it seems as if the very axles of this greatest chariot on earth were hot with the speed at which all this grand sum of vital forces is being driven—all this and more becomes an inspiration and growing wonder as you sail on this mightiest current of human affairs that time has ever seen.

It is said that Charles Lamb used to shed tears of joy as he stood amid the moving thousands pushing their way across the Strand, at the thought of so much life. "When a man is tired of London," says Dr. Johnson, "he is tired of life, for there is in London all that life can afford."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

As a sanctuary, temple and tomb, this glorious Abbey has won the attention of successive generations, and a celebrity which has long since gone out to the ends of the earth. Millions of pilgrims have walked the stately and solemn aisles of this Mecca of the British Empire, and have looked with admiring eyes upon the memorials as they speak from almost every inch of space in this great metropolis of departed worth. As we pass through the magnificent doorway and enter this most hallowed spot on English soil, for once our poorer selves are hushed or left behind in the ceaseless tides of London's tumultuous life. We do not wonder that Daniel Webster was moved to tears when for the first time he stood surrounded by this immense congregation of distinguished dead. To be irreverent or indifferent here,

"Where every step is o'er a nation's dust,
And every sound awakes an echo of the past,"

is to be guilty of a coarseness and profanity which at once betrays the smallness of the man who can walk unmoved on ground like this, where thousands have been lifted and thrilled as by the power of some deathless and mighty charm.

Looking at the memorials, busts, statues, tablets and tombs as they fill and crowd this spacious temple, we are struck with the rich variety of characters and names that have here found a place or grave, where the record of their brave and brilliant deeds shall be safely treasured in the grateful recollections of an admiring people for years to come.

Kings, queens, statesmen, warriors, scholars, philanthropists, divines, orators, soldiers, explorers, missionaries, poets, writers, musicians, painters, sculptors, captains, scientists, philosophers, and a long line of distinguished and heroic names from almost every calling—here, as in some rare triumphal procession, pass before you in majestic silence and leave upon the mind and heart impressions almost too deep for words.

In this peerless assembly we have the fruit and flower of the nation's history, the Apocalypse of an ever-extending Empire, and a gallery where the true aristocracy of mind and heart and life have become invested and crowned with an immortality of earthly and honourable fame. It may be said of many whose names are here perpetuated, that they came up into this illustrious company of a nation's heroes "out of great tribulation," but with unwavering souls they went forth to serve their country, their brothermen and God, until their work was done. So,

"When you speak of human heroes, tell this story where you can,
To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man;

Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with
tears and quickened breath,
Manhood's stronger than the storm, and
Love is mightier than death!"

Many a common and discouraged life has here been touched to brighter and braver convictions, and has met its first impulse to a career which has at last been crowned with a great success. Canon Farrar tells of a poor bookseller's boy who, one day just a hundred years ago, sat down by the northern door of the Abbey, weary with his load of books, and burst into tears at his prospect of a dreary and drudging life; but as he lifted up his eyes and saw the statues around him of men who had fought bravely the battle of life, he took heart and courage and went his way, and after weary struggles became in India a benefactor of mankind.

The very pavements in this far-famed house again and again are made beautiful by the many-coloured hues as they softly fall upon them from the richly-painted windows. So loving and sympathetic contact with this matchless gallery of the wise and good makes the admiring soul a sharer in the finer, costlier treasures which festoon this splendid sanctuary and tomb.

It is said that when the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople was built, the mortar was charged with musk, and to-day the perfume fills the air, though hundreds of years have rolled away. But a sweeter fragrance clings to the walls and floors of Westminster Abbey, for the very atmosphere is filled with influences which give tone and strength and hope and intellectual and moral health to all who place themselves within the range of their inspiring and electric touch.

Here, then, in this consecrated edifice, diademed with the applause and coronets of a nation, we have history, biography, poems, and victorious principles in stone, but in stone wrought out in countless forms of wondrous skill and beauty, and glorified by the transfiguring ministry of the human intellect, and the patient, marvellous creations of the human hand. In the clustering columns, pillars, arches, transepts, stalls, naves, cloisters, aisles, and windows, and all the contents of this century-crowned Abbey, we have a psalm—rich, solemn and grand.

Into this great national hymn of praise have been wrought lives that toiled for years amid disappointment and disaster; but at last, out of all the dust and darkness, the pain and strife and fire, Westminster Abbey, with all its inspiring contents and architectural grandeur, becomes the pride of a nation and the wonder of the world.

SACKVILLE, N.B.

APART WITH CHRIST.

"COME ye apart into a desert place!"
The Master's voice is fraught with tenderness
As thus He bids us from the world retrace
Our steps, to join Him in the wilderness.

Apart with Christ for forty days and nights—
Oh, joy unspeakable and full of grace!
To dwell with Him whatever foe affrights,
To learn the teachings of the desert place.

Lord, we have heard Thy call, and we obey;
We follow where Thy sacred feet have trod
Into the wilderness, to fast and pray
With Thee, our Master, and our Saviour, God!

—*Churchman.*

IN A SLEDGE THROUGH FAMISHED RUSSIA.

BY E. W. CARES BROOKE.

THE delights of sledge locomotion were not vouchsafed to those who journeyed through Russia during the terrible winter of the famine. Unusual quantities of snow fell from one end of the land to the other. Many of the paths when once blocked were not reopened because of the dearth of horses and the weakness of the few that had been kept alive, while the practicable roads and paths were, as a rule, very uneven. The difference between the easy progress of a launch on the calm surface of a river, and the helpless pitching of a coaster in a dirty night on the Channel, is not greater than that of sleighing on the levelled drives of St. Petersburg and Moscow, compared with the struggle to get across the snow-blocked country outside the towns. This comparison is not a far-sought one, for people subject to sea-sickness are almost invariably seized with vomiting when sledging over bad roads. It is also an extremely arduous means of locomotion, and often at the end of a hundred-miles' drive I didn't know on which side to lie down to rest, so bruised was my body from my having been continually thrown against the sides of the sledge, and occasionally clean over them into the snow.

I served my apprenticeship in a sledge with M. Alexander Novikoff, on Madame Olga Novikoff's estates at Novo Alexandrofka, in the northern part of the government of Tamboff. Amongst other things, he initiated me into the *modus operandi* to be followed in case of a snowstorm. These storms constitute the great danger of sledge-travelling in Russia. The dry branches and wisps of straw which are placed in the snow to mark the highways are frequently covered up or carried away by the force of the storm. If this happen, the traveller is helpless, scarcely daring to move lest he miss his foothold on the hard-beaten track and sink girth deep in the soft snow that lies on either side of it. Should he find himself in such a position, he is to be congratulated if he has horses that know the locality, for he can then give them their heads, and in all probability they will drag the sledge safely to the next post-station, even in a blinding snowstorm, through which it is impossible to see a couple of yards ahead. The sagacious animals can feel when they are on the beaten track by the resistance of the snow to their hoofs. But should the horses be strange to the country, or should they happen to run wide of the path and sink in the deep snow, they must be cut loose and allowed to take care of themselves while the traveller turns his sledge on end, bottom against the storm, and makes himself as comfortable as he can in the shelter it affords. As the snow beats against the bottom of the sledge it forms a bank over which the storm will drive, and if the weather-bound voyager be not suffocated or starved, there is little danger of his being frozen to death, for the heap of snow accumulated around the sledge will keep him warm.

"Touch your nose occasionally," said M. Novikoff, who was explaining this as we drove in a high wind one morning.

I put my gloved hand up and felt where my nose ought to be. There was nothing! I took off my glove and tried again.

"Look here," I said. "It's gone!"

"Rub it," replied M. Novikoff, who continued talking as if the loss of

WINTER SCENE IN RUSSIA.

my nose was a matter of the smallest concern.

I gathered a handful of snow from the collar of my furs, and applied myself to the task of getting life back into my nose.

It was not long before I ran near to having to put M. Novikoff's instructions into practice. I was making a journey with Count Alexis Bobrinskoy to his estates in the government of Samara, where the famine was working terrible ravages amongst the peasants. We started from the railway town of Sizran on a hundred and fifty miles' sledge-drive into this part of wildest Russia. As the journey proceeded, the roads became worse and worse. Immense quantities of snow obstructed them, and frequently we were obliged to harness the three horses tandem and put a man on the leader to pick out some sort of a path. The track lay over the ice of the Volga. It might be supposed that travelling on the surface of the frozen river would be easier than over the uneven, unmade country roads. It is not always so. When this great river freezes, the floating masses of ice are driven upon one another until the surface is not unlike what a choppy sea would be were it possible to freeze it instantaneously. A thick layer of snow gives the appearance of a level path; but appearances are deceptive, and the passage of the sledge soon shows up the irregularities. At one moment the sledge is on end, being strained over the front of an enormous block of ice; the next instant the vehicle goes down with a shock on the other side, nearly knocking the horses off their feet as it overtakes them. A moment later it is skidding sideways down another incline, or is careering half sideways, half backwards off the track, menacing to drag the horses after it.

The paths across the desert of snow were often as though a devastating army had passed over them. At nightfall wolves prowled the country, and fed on the bodies of the cattle which had fallen dead by the side of the sledge-tracks. Every now and then I came upon one of the brutes. It would trot leisurely from the carcass and watch the passage of the sledge, its lean form exaggerated out of all proportion by the evening mists. There was no danger for the living, because the plains were strewn with dead cattle, and wolves are cowardly creatures when running singly.

Out on the Ural steppes, away from town and village, the lower animals paid their tribute to the plague that occasioned so much suffering amongst men. There are hundreds of thousands of birds on the desert between the Volga and the Ural which are entirely dependent for their subsistence on the leavings of horses, the sundry ears of corn that fall from laden sledges, and the broken food thrown to them by people who traverse the country.

Every little thing breaks the monotony of journeying across these Russian plains. I recollect one afternoon hearing talking close beside me—it seemed as if somebody had got into the sledge. Turning sharply round I found my face close to the blade of a brightly polished axe-head. A Tartar lad had thrown it over the back of the sledge as a kind of grappling hook, and, hanging on to the handle, he ran behind for an hour or so with the razor-like edge remaining by the side of my head the while. I felt like pushing it off in sign of protestation, but I did not do so for fear the young Tartar might attempt to grapple the sledge a second time and put the blade of the axe through my head instead of by the side of it.

I have not mentioned my equipment for this formidable journey through a famine-stricken land. It was of the simplest. I had a portmanteau and a hold-all, and what

the hold-all would not hold was strapped in my travelling rugs until their bright colours caught the eye of an artful driver, who managed to "leave" them at a spot the police never succeeded in discovering. In the hold-all I carried a small supply of beef tea and dry biscuits, to be prepared for such emergencies as a delay *en route* or snowing-up might occasion. I also carried a packet of candles, for I knew that wherever there was a food famine it was accompanied by an oil famine. The biscuits were in turn frozen and sodden. In sledge travelling nothing is proof against the frost and snow.

At one point of my journey I had been living on beef tea, spread like butter on biscuits, for about a couple of days when I arrived at a village where famine-bread was being handed out to starving peasants. How welcome a piece would be! I did not wait in the dreary file of haggard, ill-clothed men and women, who crowded round the door of the building, but pushed my way straight into the bakery, and while making the usual journalistic inquiries as to the state of things in the stricken hamlet I took up a lump of famine bread and ate it. The local police officer probably noticed the appetite with which I devoured this piece of black, insipid bread, for with a tact that amused me immensely when I thought of it afterwards, he invited me to lunch with him. The invitation was conditional, though the spirit in which it was given was not the less kindly for that.

"You are a journalist," he said. "If you come into my house I shall be obliged to ask you to show me your passport. If it is not inconvenient to you to have your passage through my district reported, come and lunch with me."

At that time I was lying low and working under the illusion that my movements had not excited the attention of the authorities. It would not do to spoil my work for the sake of a lunch.

"How will you advise St. Petersburg of my passage?" I asked.

"By letter to the Governor. He can do as he likes."

It took me very few seconds to decide. I was at least three days' distance from the governmental town. By the time the authorities received the police officer's report I should be—I hadn't the faintest idea myself where—certainly far from the hospitable place where this incident was happening.

I had a nice lunch, and, with the aid of a little German that the officer spoke, I learned a good deal, and was shown much that interested me. On leaving, I looked at my passport and noticed that the *visé* was No. 1, indicating, perhaps, that I was the first foreigner who had passed through that out-of-the-way locality for many years.

It was early in the spring when I returned to Kazan from a trip up the Siberian road, and I had to hurry to Nijni Novgorod without stopping either for food or rest. The governor of Kazan very kindly sent to the post-station on the eve of my departure to say how necessary it was that I should reach a railway centre before the break-up of the ice on the Volga would cut Kazan off from the rest of the world for weeks. I had relays of no fewer than fifty-seven horses for the journey between these two towns; still, it was a grave question whether I should reach Nijni Novgorod before the ice gave way. The Volga, swollen by the volume of water that had fallen into it from the melting snow, rose beneath the ice, and at some spots lifted it and broke it away from the banks. In places the sledge ran for miles through several inches of water. Every now and then it dropped into a pool of slush a couple of feet deep and I was drenched, and everything I had

with me was soaked. But this was not the worst. At a spot where the rising river had broken the ice away from the shore one of the horses nearly perished. Making a false step, it slipped into a gaping crevice, but by a miracle the animal struggled out of the water before either the driver or myself had time to realize the gravity of the accident. It is due to a much-abused country to say that the dangers of travelling in Russia are greatly exaggerated. Storms are always to be feared, and accidents often occur when the ice breaks up, but there is little to be dreaded from either man or beast. I drove two thousand miles alone through the wildest parts of Russia in the height of the famine and the depth of winter. I carried no revolver or other arm of defence of any kind. There were only two occasions when, had I been armed, I might have been led to use any weapon in my possession; but, in either of these cases, I feel certain that recourse to fire-arms would have cost me my life.

"UNTO THE DESIRED HAVEN."

BY AMY PARKINSON.

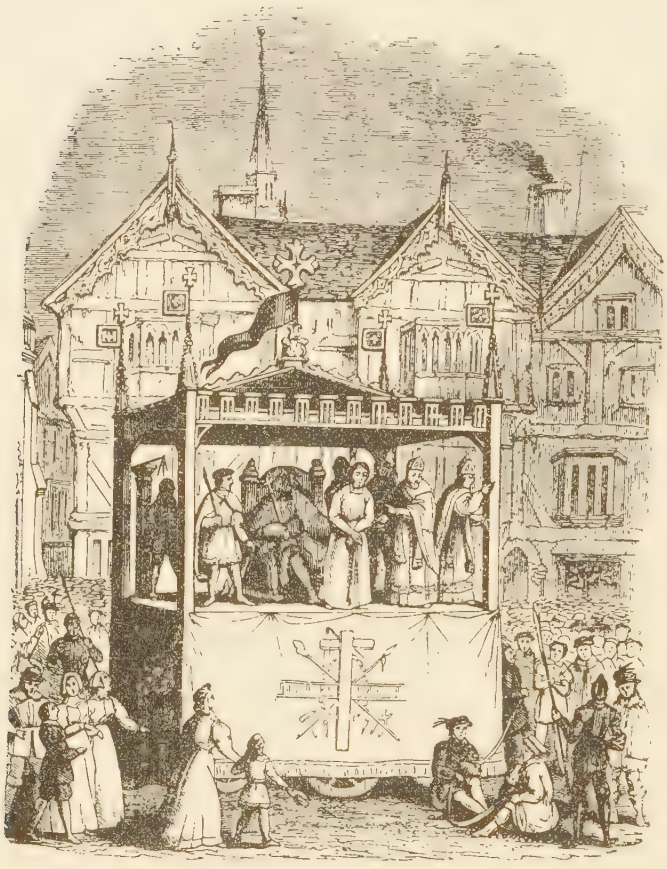
THE night drew on apace; a wild, dark night,
A night of rushing wind and rising wave;
Heaven's beacon lights all hid behind thick clouds.
And on the heaving bosom of the sea
A boat reeled to and fro, and vainly strove
To gain her rest. With straining at their oars
The weary mariners were well-nigh spent;
And Jesus was not yet come unto them.
(For these were His disciples, and the Lord
Had tarried on the land.)
The night grew more
Obscure; more boist'rous roared the wind; the waves
Surged higher still;—when lo, a Form of light
Dawned through the gloom! for, o'er the tossing sea,
Walking serene as upon solid earth,
The Master came. And though the astonished men
For one brief moment grew wide-eyed with fear,
Not knowing Him, anon their hearts leapt up
In joyous welcome, for a sweet "Fear not"
Fell on their ears; and, as they gladly made
Room in their midst for Him, the winds lay down;
The foaming sea grew calm; and straight the boat
Was at the land whereunto they were bound.

Lord Jesus,—mighty still to save, as when
Upon the earth Thou walked'st visibly,—
Come to my help across life's troubled sea!
I, too, am Thy disciple; and the waves
Buffet my fragile barque. The wind and rain
Do beat upon me, till I grow so weak
That scarce my trembling hands can grasp the oar.
The darkness presses me.
O Thou, the Star
Of deepest night! Ruler of raging blasts!
Calmer of storm-tossed seas!—Lighten this gloom;
Hush Thou the angry wailing of these winds;
And bid the waves so crouch before Thy feet,
That they—the very dangers which I most
Do dread—shall form a road, for Thee, my King,
To come to me.
And, when Thou drawest nigh,
Clear Thou my vision; make it quick to know Thee;
So fear may vanish in adoring joy.—
Lord Jesus, come! for, at Thy blest command,
Swift shall my boat's keel touch the longed-for Land.

TORONTO.

THE EARLY ENGLISH DRAMA.

BY THE EDITOR.



A CHESTER MYSTERY PLAY.

THE mysteries and miracle plays of the Middle Ages present a rich mine of poetical material for the modern explorer. His labour will be rewarded by not a few nuggets of virgin gold, although he may have to sift a large quantity of worthless ore to find them. The gems of thought he may discover are in the rough, it is true, unpolished and unwrought, yet they are often precious gems notwithstanding. These plays are interesting as giving vivid illustrations of the manners of our forefathers and of the condition of mediæval society. They exhibit the conceptions of religious truth then entertained, and the mode of its communication to the people. They contain also the germ of that noble dramatic literature which so wonderfully blossomed forth during the Elizabethan era in the writings of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Their origin is somewhat obscure. According to Voltaire they first came from Constantinople, where the Greek drama was Christianized

in the fourth century. They were probably brought thence by returning palmers and pilgrims during the Crusades. In France, indeed, there was an order of pilgrims called the Confraternity of the Passion, from their representation of that subject. In England these religious plays seem to have been first exhibited at the universities, and were written in Latin. The monkish influence is very strongly marked on every page. They were afterward written in the common tongue, both in France and England, and are among the earliest relics of the vernacular literature of those countries.

This early drama is of three sorts: the mysteries, the miracle plays, and the moralities. The first represented the principal subjects of the Christian faith, as the fall of man and the nativity, passion, and resurrection of Christ. The second exhibited the miracles of the saints and their astounding adventures. The third were, properly speaking, purely allegorical representations of vices and virtues. They sometimes set forth the parables of the New Testament and the historical parts of the Old; then, however, they became indistinguishable from the mysteries. The voluminous religious plays of Calderon and Lope de Vega partake largely of the allegorical character of the moralities.

In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries these plays were performed in the churches for the instruction of the people; but the monks, finding that the exhibitions of the jugglers at the Easter revels drew the populace away from the churches, gave their plays a more attractive character and performed them in the open air. Reading was an art confined, of course, entirely to the clergy, and the ignorant masses could only vaguely comprehend the dull homilies they heard; but the public representation of the nativity, the passion, or the resurrection, at the appropriate season of Christmas, Good Friday, or Easter, was easily understood and vividly remembered.* But these sacred representations soon became subject to abuse. Droll characters, comic scenes, and ridiculous speeches were introduced in order to excite mirth; and a flippant and irreverent treatment of the most sublime themes became a prevailing vice. Many of the clerical performers degraded themselves to the level of buffoons, and the miracle plays, originally intended to communicate religious instruction, frequently degenerated into broad and indecent farce. The lower clergy adopted this vehicle for the abuse of their superiors, and the rude populace found in them both subjects for burlesque and caricature. Thus the most sacred associations of religion became degraded into objects of vulgar mirth. The language of even the female characters—generally represented by boys, however—was frequently exceedingly coarse, and gives us a low opinion of the manners of the age. The devils, or "tormentours," as they were called, were the clowns of the play, and caused infinite merriment by their rude jokes and buffoonery.

The stage was divided into three parts, to represent heaven, earth, and hell; and very intricate and ingenious machinery was often employed to produce theatrical effects. These stages were frequently on wheels, so that they might be drawn about. The gross ideas of the age

* A passion play is still represented every ten years at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, in fulfilment of a vow made on the cessation of a pestilence in A.D. 1633. As many as five hundred peasant performers take part, and the spectacle is witnessed by thousands of visitors from all parts of Bavaria and Tyrol and from more distant places. The rehearsal lasts several days and, like the Greek drama, is performed in the open air. It partakes of a highly religious character, and the representatives of sacred persons are selected for their piety of life and are set apart by prayer. Similar plays, but of inferior merit, are also performed in the villages around Innspruck.

concerning the material torments of the damned were faithfully delineated. The monks, doubtless, thought a very salutary lesson was inculcated when a man who refused to pay his tithes or a woman who adulterated her ale or sold too scanty measure was dragged off forcibly to hell-mouth, from which belched fire and smoke. The devils wore flame-coloured and grotesque clothing and carried clubs of buckram stuffed with sawdust, with which they vigorously belaboured each other and the crowd. In one play Satan and a "nigromancer" dance, when the latter is suddenly tripped up and carried off bodily. Yet the sign of the cross or the invocation of the Virgin or the saints immediately discomfits them; and of holy water they have a mortal terror. In the "Nativity Play" they roar horribly when Christ is born and make a great noise under the stage. The various parts, originally performed by monks, came, in course of time, to be enacted by companies of citizens. Different crafts and guilds vied with each other in the representation of the plays allotted them. The rivalry between the worshipful tanners, chandlers, vinters, mercers, bowyers, skinners, and weavers was keen and exciting.*

When we consider how humble were the talents employed, the majestic sweep and the sublime compass of these plays astonish us. They comprehend the entire drama of time, from the creation of the world to the day of doom. Nay, the daring imagination of the monkish writers went back beyond the dawn of time to the counsels of eternity and, scaling the battlements of heaven, laid bare the secrets of the skies. They shrank not from exploring with unfaltering step the regions of the damned, and depicted with Dantean vigour and minuteness the tortures of the lost. They pierced the mysteries of the future and revealed the awful scenes of the last judgment and the final consummation of all things. In recording in his lofty numbers the story of the fall of man and loss of paradise, how far soever he may have surpassed his predecessors, the sightless bard of English poesy, whose inner vision seemed more clear for that the outer ray was quenched forever, could hardly be said to have pursued

> Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme.

For not only in the miracle plays and mysteries, but also in the still older legendary poem of Cædmon, the Saxon monk, is the same story related with wondrous vigour and sublimity.

The literary execution of these plays, as might be expected, is very imperfect. The most absurd anachronisms and solecisms perpetually occur. The Old Testament characters repeatedly swear—a habit to which they are generally addicted—by "Sanct Peter and Sanct Poule," by "Mahoun and the Sybill." Titles are strangely modernized. The "knights" who crucify our Lord speak of "Sir Pylate" and "Bishop Caiaphas." The devils talk of "Sir Satan" and "Lord Lucifer." The interlocutors in the play quote from "Gregory," "Austyne," and "Sir Goldenmouth." The geography is inextricably confused. The local topography of England is transferred to the fields of Palestine; and London and Paris are familiarly referred to by the shepherds of Bethlehem.

The awful scenes of the passion are most painfully realized, and are delineated with all the force and breadth of Rubens' sublime painting. The ribaldry and scurrile jests of the rude soldiery throw into stronger

* In the book of accounts of these plays some strange charges are recorded; for example, "Item payed for mending hell-mouth. ij d.; for keeping fire at ditto, iiij d.; for settying the world on fire, j d.; ij worms of conscience, iij s.; whyte or saved sowles, and ij blake or dampnyed sowles, v s.; baryll for ye earthquakes, ij s.;" etc.

contrast the dread terrors of the scene. The monkish authors do not scruple to heighten the dramatic interest by the introduction of legendary stories, often absurdly, sometimes with wonderfully picturesque effect. English and Latin are strangely intermingled, according to the necessities of the rhyme or rhythm.

The writers manifest a sublime disdain of the servile rules of syntax and prosody, and each spells as seems right in his own eyes. The same word will occur in two or three different forms on the same page. The rhymes are frequently so execrable that in some manuscripts and printed copies brackets are used to indicate the rhyming couplets. This was, of course, the very childhood of dramatic art, and it was therefore extremely infantile in its expression; it nevertheless gave token, like the infant Hercules, of a power of grappling with difficulties which was an augury of the glorious strength it was afterward to manifest.

With majestic sweep of thought the drama of the ages is enacted in these plays. All the converging lines of providence and prophecy centre in the cross of Christ; and from it streams the light that irradiates the endless vista of the future. Heaven itself seems open, and the vision of the great white throne and the procession of the palm-crowned, white-robed multitudes pass before us. We hear the "sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies," the choiring of the cherubim and seraphim, and the song of the redeemed in the presence of God. Anon the scene is darkened by the shades of endless gloom, is lurid with the glare of quenchless fire, and awful with the ceaseless wailing of the lost.

Compared with these lofty themes the sublimest tragedies of Greece or Rome and their noblest epics pale into "faded splendour wan." What parallel can be drawn between the petty conflict around the walls of Troy, or the wanderings of Ulysses, or the building of a Latin town, and the fall of man, the redemption of the world, and the Judgment Day? What terror of Æschylus or Sophocles can shake the soul like the record of the drowning of the world by water or the vision of its destruction by fire? What pathos of Euripides can melt the heart like the tender story of the nativity or the awful tragedy of the cross? The ignorant populace of a petty burgh and the boorish inhabitants of the surrounding country, in that ultimate dim Thule of the West, where such plays were enacted, had brought before their minds, and doubtless often deeply impressed upon their hearts, holier lessons and sublimer truths than Plato wrote or Pindar sung, or than were ever taught by sage or seer in Stoa of the temples or grove of the Academy.

And these were no mere poet's fancies. They were solemn realities and eternal verities to their unlettered hearers. The Judgment Day, whose terrors they beheld portrayed, they believed to be at hand—at the very door. Through the purifying flames they felt that they themselves must pass, till the foul crimes done in their "days of nature," were "burned and purged away." Though there may have been little in this homely drama to refine the manners or to cultivate the taste, there was much to elevate and strengthen the character and to project the acts of every day upon the solemn background of eternity. To such Christian teachings as these do we owe the grave and God-fearing Anglo-Saxon manhood of the heroic past. The outcome of such sacred influences may be seen in every great work of our literature, in every noble act of our history—in "Hamlet," "Lear," "Macbeth"; in Milton, Bunyan, Burns; in Cromwell and Hampden, in Sydney and Vane; in the deeds

of Marston Moor and the memories of Plymouth Rock. Wherever the eternal principles of right and justice have met with injustice, oppression, and wrong, whether in battle shock or in council hall, on bloody scaffold or in silent prison, there has been felt and seen the influence of the Christian teachings of the dead and buried ages on the human mind.

A better idea of the general character of the mediæval drama will be obtained from a brief outline and a few extracts than from a lengthened description. The subject is best known to most readers from the short yet characteristic miracle play in Longfellow's poem, "The Golden Legend." The admirers of that noble poem will, doubtless, like to know more of the sources from which it is, in part, derived. From the entire dramatic series, which was generally enacted at Whitsuntide, and sometimes extended into forty different plays,* a tolerably correct idea of the Scripture narrative might be gathered—tinged, of course, with the superstitions and errors of the times. There is frequently among the characters an "expositor" or "doctor," who comments upon the passing events and inculcates the moral to be derived therefrom, somewhat after the manner of the Greek chorus, or rather the corypheus. In the following brief and fragmentary extracts we shall modernize as far as possible the uncouth spelling.

In the opening of the first play, the "Fall of Lucifer," the divine Being thus speaks:

> I am Alpha and O;
> I am the first and last also.
> It is, it was, it shall be thus.
> I am the great God, gracious,
> Which never had beginning.

Here follows the creation of the nine orders of angels. The pride and ambition of Lucifer are strikingly exhibited. He exclaims:

> Above great God I will be guide
> And set myself here as I ween.
> I am peerless and prince of pride,
> For God Himself shines not so sheen.

The revolt and punishment of the archangel and the mutual recriminations of the fallen fiends are quite Miltonic.

Next follows the play of "the Creation and the Fall of Man." Adam's prophetic vision, as he looks down the vista of the future and beholds the heritage of woe he has bequeathed to his posterity, is exceedingly impressive. This scene is also the basis of one of the finest episodes in Milton. Eve's yearning affection for her "sweete children, darlings deare," and her agonized grief on the death of Abel are expressed with strong human sympathy. The earth refuses to cover the body of the first victim of murder and rejects it from the grave. Upon the death of Adam, Seth returns to paradise for a branch of the tree of life to plant on his father's grave. From this, in the course of time, was derived the wood of the cross. According to another legend this was the aspen tree, which ever since has shuddered with horror at the woeful deed of which it was the instrument. A good deal of humour is introduced into the account of the flood by the contumacy of Noah's wife, a veritable virago, who scolds like a shrew and refuses to obey her liege lord's commands:

> *Noah.* Wife, come in; why standest thou there?
> Thou art ever froward, I dare well swear.
> Come in, come in, full time it were,
> For fear that lest we drown.
> *Wife.* Yea, sir, set up your sail,
> And row forth with evil hail.
> For withouten fail
> I will not out of this town,
> But I have my gossips every one;
> One foot further I will not gone.

*See collections of Coventry, Chester, and Townley mysteries, published by the Shakespeare and Surtees Societies. From these the following extracts are taken.

They shall not drown, by Saint John!
An I may save their life.
But thou let them into thy chest,
Else row thou where thou wist,
And get thee a new wife.

The story of the offering up of Isaac is skilfully told. Isaac piteously entreats:

If I have trespassed in any degree,
With a rod you may beat me;
Put up your sword if you will be,
For I am but a child.

Abraham. Ho! my heart will break in three.
To hear thy words I have pitie.
As Thou wilt, Lord, it must be,
To Thy will I must yield.

Isaac. Would my mother were here with me!
She would kneel down upon her knee,
Praying you, father, if it may be,
For to save my life.

Isaac meekly asks, "Is it God's will I should be slain?" and then quietly submits. He begs pardon for all his faults, craves his father's blessing, sends his love to his mother, and asks to be slain with as few strokes as possible. Abraham kisses him, binds his eyes, and is about to slay him, when the angel arrests his hands. The sacrifice of Iphigenia cannot be compared for pathos with this. The "doctor" expounds the scene as having reference to the perfect obedience, even unto death, of Jesus Christ. A messenger interrupts his lengthy exposition by exclaiming,

Make room, lordings, and give us way,
And let Balek come in and play.

Balaam and his speaking ass are a source of great merriment. Balak, desiring to be avenged on those "false losel Jews," swears horribly at the prophet when they are thrice blessed.

There are also plays about Joseph, Moses, David, and the other leading characters of the Old Testament; but the chief interest of the drama gathers about the life of Christ. The Gospel narrative is largely supplemented by legendary lore or embellished by the fancy of the poet, frequently with intense humanness; but sometimes its beauty is marred by coarseness or frivolity. The "Emperoure Octavian" and the Sibyl both prophesy of Christ's advent; and on His birth the gods of Rome fall down, as also do those of Egypt when He goes thither. Joseph complains that he is only a poor carpenter, who has his meat by his hammer and plane, and so can ill afford to pay the newly levied tax. He and the Virgin Mary arrive, weary and wayworn, at Bethlehem, at the approach of night, and take refuge in a cave used as a stable; and there, between an ox and an ass, that night the Holy Child is born. Joseph is very tender in his bearing toward the virgin mother, addressing her with such fond, caressing words as "Loe! Marye sweete, my darling deare," "my deare hearte root," and other loving phrases. A signal judgment punishes those who dare to doubt her maiden purity. The humanizing influence of these affecting scenes and of this worship of holiness and meekness, of the divine Child and stainless mother, upon our uncouth ancestry must have been of incalculable benefit. It did much in a rude and stormy age to invest with a tender reverence all womankind, and inspired the iron chivalry of the time with a religious enthusiasm for the succour of human weakness and sorrow.

The play of the "Shepherds" abounds in a good deal of coarse humour and rude mirth. It gives a minute picture of mediæval country life. In some versions a wrestling bout occurs, in others a sheep-stealing plot is discovered. On the whole the shepherds are rather a disreputable set, although one of them self-assertingly boasts that there is

A better shepherd on no side,
From comely Conway unto Clyde.

They lunch on Lancaster jack-cakes and Hatton ale. Their names, too

—Harvey, Tudde, Tibbs, and Trowle —have a remarkable English sound. They wrestle and engage in rude horse-play till the voices of the heavenly choir are heard singing, "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo.*" The shepherds were evidently unacquainted with Latin, and offer some very absurd interpretations of the unknown words. When the star appears they sing a doggerel chorus and proceed to offer their rustic gifts to the infant Christ. One gives Him a bell, another a spoon to sup His pottage, another a cape, "for he (the giver) has nothing elles." In the meantime the three Gypsy kings have seen the star in the East and bring more seasonable offerings. They arrive at Herod's palace inquiring,

> Can you ought say what place or where
> A child is born that crown shall bear
> And be of Jews the king?
> *Servant.* Hold your peace, sirs, I you pray,
> For if King Herod heard you so say,
> He would go mad, by my fay,
> And fly out of his skin.

Herod is at any rate very angry when he hears of the inquiry, and exclaims:

> I am the greatest above degree,
> That is, and was, and ever shall be;
> The sun he dare not shine on me,
> If I bid him go down.
> . . . . . .
> A boy, a groom of low degree,
> To rise against my royalty!
> Sir doctor, that are chiefest of clergy,
> Look up at thy books of prophecy,
> And what thou seest tell thou me.

The "doctor" quotes Jacob's prophecy concerning the Shiloh, when Herod bursts out:

> That's false, by Mahound, full of might!
> That old vylarde Jacob doted for age.
> What presumption should move that peevish page
> Or any elfish godling to take my crown?

He rages horribly, and orders the slaughter of the children.

> Have done and fill the wine high,
> Fill fast and let the cups fly,
> I die, but I have drink.

In the meantime the kings present their gifts to the baby Sovereign of the world. The first gives gold:

> For it seemeth by this place
> That little treasure his mother has.

The next offered incense, and the third thirty pieces of money—"gilt pennies" they are called. These "pennies," according to the veracious legend, were the identical coins with which Abraham bought the cave of Machpelah, for which Joseph was sold by his brethren, and for which Judas afterward betrayed his Master. Of few things else, save the Holy Grail and the stone on which the English sovereigns are crowned—which last, it is well known, was the very stone that Jacob used as a pillow—can the history be so marvellously traced. "Our Ladye Marie" left most of the presents, with the child's swaddling clothes, in the cave when she fled into Egypt; and there they remained till discovered by the pious Empress Helena! During the flight into Egypt the holy family are attacked by robbers. One of these relents, beholding their poverty; but the other is exceedingly fierce. The infant Christ foretells that they shall both be crucified with Him; but that he who had mercy shall find pardon in his hour of doom. It is in the play of the "Slaughter of the Innocents" that the king of Jewry fairly outherods Herod in his cruelty. He summons all his barons, burgesses, and baronets—Sir Lancler, Sir Grimbald, and the rest—to destroy the children. There are some rather coarse passages of wit between the soldiers and the women, and one cowardly officer is driven off. But the slaughter is completed, and the soldiers toss the dead babies upon their spear-points through the town. Then is heard the voice of lamentation:

> Out and out! and wellaway!
> That ever I did see this day;

Out and out ! and woe is me !
Thief, thou shalt hanged be !

In the confusion Herod's own son is slain, and the wretched father, smitten with despair, cries out,

Alas ! my days now are done ;
I wot I must die soon.
Bootless it is to make moan,
For damnèd I must be.

He falls down, writhing with pain and eaten with worms; hell opens, and devils drag him within its horrid jaws. No more tragic and awful poetic justice is there in any drama of ancient or modern times.

There is a striking incident in the play of the "Presentation at the Temple." Old Simeon had been reading the prophecy that Christ should be born of a virgin, which seemed so incredible that he obliterated the expression, but found that it reappeared in red letters; and, having again obliterated it, he was convinced of its divine inspiration by its appearing once more in letters of gold. In Christ's twelfth year, the doctors in the temple observing His attention, one of them remarked:

Methinks this child would learn our law,
He taketh great heed to our talking ;

to whom our Lord replies,

You clerks that be of great cunning,
Unto *my* talking take good heed.

Great dramatic vivacity is thrown into the account of the raising of Lazarus. The "prelates," however, think "that lurden Lazarre should be slayne." The merchants whom our Lord drove out of the temple complain to "Bishop" Caiaphas, who with the priests seeks to arrest Christ; but, fearing to do so, they offer money to him who will betray Him. Judas accepts the unholy bribe and arranges the time and place of his betrayal of his Master.

The awful scenes of the passion are delineated with a coarse and rugged strength and with a painfully realistic power, which must often have stricken terror to the soul. But amid the rudeness of the ruffian soldiery and the ribaldry of the mocking multitude is heard the gentle falling of woman's tears:

Alas ! alas ! and woe is me !
A doleful sight is this to see.
So many sick savèd has He,
And goeth now this way.

The soldiers disrobe the divine Sufferer with many a wanton gibe and jeer:

"Be thou wroth or be thou fain,
I will be thy chamberlain.
This coat shall be mine
For it is good and fine."
"Nay, fellow, by this day,
At the dice we will play ;
This coat withouten seam
To break it were a shame."

The anguish of the virgin mother is described in a manner exceedingly pathetic:

Alas ! my love, my life, my dear,
Alas ! now mourning, woe is me !
Alas ! thieves, why do ye so ?
Slay ye me, let my Son go.

The "Harrowing of Hell" is a very popular mediæval legend, according to which Christ descends into the regions of the dead, vanquishes Satan, and delivers the patriarchs, prophets, and the ancient worthies who have been waiting for His coming. They greet Him with rapture, and He leads them in triumph; while in lofty strophe and antistrophe the angels chant a psalm of victory. Our Lord's greeting to His disciples after the resurrection is very tender and gracious:

Peace be among you, brethren fair,
My sweet brethren lief and dear.

Their surprise, fear, doubt, and joyful recognition of the Saviour are admirably described. The ascension, also, is finely conceived. After giving them their commission our Lord parts from His disciples with the words, "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God"; and, as He ascends in mid-air, in sublime antiphonies the angels sing His triumphs over death

and hell, the opening of the everlasting gates, and His eternal exaltation at the right hand of God. The Twelve, while awaiting the descent of the Holy Ghost, compose the Apostles' Creed, each one contributing a clause to that first formulated confession of faith. Then follow the unfolding of the prophecies of the Apocalypse, the downfall of antichrist, and the day of final doom. The terrors of the last judgment are strongly limned and must have produced a deep impression on the unsophisticated spectators. The finally saved chant lofty strains of laud and honour to Almighty God, for that their sins have all been burned away in the purifying fires of purgatory; while the condemned lift up their voices in everlasting wailing and despair. Popes, emperors, kings, queens, justices, and merchants in turn confess their guilt and the justness of the eternal bale which is their doom. A condemned pope thus exclaims:

> Now bootless it is to ask mercie,
> For, living, highest in earth was I;
> Also silver and simony
> Made me a pope unworthy.

A wicked queen piteously cries out:

> Where is my beauty that was so bright?
> Where is the baron, where is the knight,
> Where in the world is any wight,
> That for my fairness now will fight?

The kings of the earth and the great men and the rich men and the chief captains and the mighty men all wail because of the coming of the Judge; for the great day of His wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? Christ, sitting on a cloud with the instruments of His passion — the cross, the crown of thorns, the nails, the spear—exhibits His body more marred and wounded by the sins of men than by the tortures of His Jewish murderers, and pronounces sentence of final doom. To the saved He sweetly says:

> Come hither to me, my darlings deare;
> While I was on the earth here
> Ye gave me meat in good manere.
> . . . . . .
> Yes, forsooth, my friendès dear,
> Such as poor and naked were
> Ye clad and fed them both in fear,
> And harboured them alsoe.

Turning to the wicked He severely says:

> Nay, when ye saw the least of mine
> That on earth sufferèd pine,
> To help them ye did naught incline;
> Therefore go to the fire.
> And though my sweet mother deare,
> And all the saints that ever were,
> Prayed for you right now here,
> Alas! it were too late!

Thus ends this remarkable series of religious dramas. Their language may often be uncouth, and their treatment of these lofty themes inadequate and unworthy, sometimes coarse and repulsive, shocking our feelings of reverence and our sense of propriety; but assuredly the drama of no age ever addressed itself to a nobler task, and we doubt if, on the whole, any drama ever better accomplished its purpose. Its object was not merely to amuse, but to instruct—to instruct in the most important of all knowledge, the great truths of religion. Its exhibition of these truths may have been imperfect and mixed with much of error; but its influence, in the absence of purer teaching, must have been most salutary. No man, no woman, no matter how unlettered and rude, could but be awed and solemnized by the contemplation of the sublime subjects which it presented; and doubtless many may have been led thereby to apprehend the saving truths of the Gospel, to forsake sin, and to live godly lives. If this hasty incursion into one of the more obscure regions of English literature should stimulate curiosity to a further exploration of its hidden treasures it shall have accomplished its purpose.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

BY THE VEN. F. W. FARRAR, D.D.,

Dean of Canterbury.

"And the Lord said unto Cain, Where is Abel thy brother? And he said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"—Gen. iv. 9.

We hear very much in these days of what is called the "Higher Criticism," that is, the application of certain literary and historic methods to the study of Scripture; and it is viewed by a great many in its results with much vague, but unnecessary alarm. One thing is certain, that no amount of criticism can ever take away from Scripture that moral depth and that spiritual intensity which make its lessons exceed in wisdom those which can be derived from the lessons of all the sages. Whether, for instance, we take this story of Cain and Abel for literary history, or for profound allegory, the results remain the same. It is full of the deepest lessons.

In the envy of Cain, in the rapidity with which the slumbering grudge broke into the fiery serpent of murder, in the revelation that the sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord, in the fact that the collapse of a man from his original innocence into apostasy was so fearfully swift, that of the first beings born into the world the one became a murderer and the other his murdered victim—in all these things we have lessons of tremendous import; and if we want to find the comment upon them, we find it in all national history, in all war, in sedition, in riots, in discontent, in things which we may see in our common streets. We see it in murders, in every kind of disorder and violation of law; we see it in the internecine struggles of Capital and Labour; we see it as the red fool fury of revolution with its lullaby the carmagnole, and toy the guillotine; we see it in that devilish type of manhood which is created when all the passions of men's minds seem changed into one incarnate rage and one incarnate hatred; we see it, I say, wherever we turn, in all the records of our daily newspapers, at once the fruits of the evil passions described in this passage, and also the most tremendous lessons of the peril of neglecting those passions, and of overlooking the consequences to which they inevitably lead.

Now I must pass over all the other significance of this narrative, and must fix your mind upon the sequel. Abel lay dead upon the earth, and the innocent flowers of the earth first shuddered under the dew of blood, and the Lord said unto man, "Where is Abel thy brother?" and he answered—because the first murderer is also the first liar—"I know not"; and he added—for the first murderer is the first egotist—"Am *I* my brother's keeper?" The voice of the Lord swept away the callous question and the shameless falsehood, and He said unto him, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground"; and Cain was driven forth from the presence of the Lord into the land of his exile, with the brand of the wrath of heaven upon his soul and upon his brow.

UNCONSCIOUS HYPOCRISY.

Now, leaving the narrative altogether, let us consider the significance of it all these millenniums afterwards. I can only do so in the most brief and inadequate way, and yet I think that we ought to have brought

before us considerations which are well worthy of our most earnest thought. We each of us ask in turn, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And God answers to every one of us, "Yes, thou art thy brother's keeper." And the world, with all its might, declares in answer, "No, we are not our brother's keeper." And the vast majority of ordinary conventional, compromising Christians, all the sects and churches of the Laodiceans, the luke-warm, the facing-both-ways, the neither hot nor cold, the neither one thing nor the other, while they do hesitatingly with their lips say, "Yes, we are our brother's keeper," yet, for the most part, live exactly as if they were not. Did not Christ Himself point out this wide unconscious hypocrisy when He described men as divided into two classes—first of all, the bold rebels, who, when bidden to go to work in the vineyard, answered, "I will not"; and on the other hand, the smooth and decent hypocrites who said, "I go sir," but went not? We ordinary Christians, let the truth be confessed, are a very poor set. There is reason for the question of a French writer, "Christ hath come, but when cometh salvation?" We have preached Christ for centuries,

> Until at last men learn to scoff,
> So few seem any better off.

Now when we ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" some men interpose a sort of excuse in the words of the sneering lawyer, Who is my brother? or, Who is my neighbour? And the answer comes to us as it came to him, All men are our brothers, especially all who sin and suffer, and therefore need our help; all who lie murdered like Abel; all who, like the sick and wounded traveller, are left by the thieves and murderers of the world; all who are neglected by the cold priest and scrupulously sacrificing Levite; all those who but for us would perish from neglect.

Yes; and when we in our carelessness injure our follow-men; when we injure them by our lives, by our sneers, by slanders and calumnies, by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, by our intrigues, by our want of thought, by our want of heart, by lust of gain, by absorbing selfishness, then we are the inheritors of the spirit of the first murderer. But let us confine our thoughts to-day to those who most pressingly need our efforts and our assistance; to all the poor, the hungry, the miserable, the suffering, the outcast. In them, depend upon it, we must find, if we are to be true Christians, the great sphere of our duty. I shall not enter into any question as to the origin of their existence, or of our responsibility; but I only say that if we believe Scripture at all we must recognize the immensity of this duty, and that if we neglect it at our pleasure, we also are neglecting it at our peril. This was the great, the incessant lesson of all the mighty Hebrew prophets; this is repeated again and again in page after page of Scripture by the evangelists and apostles. This is the incessant lesson of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

THE "CRIME" OF GIVING.

We are told again and again in these days by callous and worldly persons that we are guilty of a positive crime if we give a penny to a beggar; and we are lectured with the utmost possible severity about our "maudlin sentimentality" if, moved by compassion, we give a subscription, for instance, to the starving families of men who are on strike. Well, let us by all means attend to our political economy; let us, if it be necessary, tame down the splendid passion of the prophet, lest it should tend to Socialism. Let us check the impulse of the philanthropist lest it should interfere with the ratepayer; but in Heaven's name let us remember that after we have

talked and urged and insisted upon these lessons of political economy the majestic claims of charity are by no means exhausted.

Many men seem to think that they have done their duty to society when they prove to their own satisfaction that those men whose passionate enthusiasm of humanity has led them to plunge into all kinds of schemes for the amelioration of their fellow-men are nothing better than contemptible fanatics. There are men working in the midst of us who have done more for mankind with their little fingers than ninety-nine hundredths of us have done with our whole loins. There are men working among us whom we are taught to regard with a sneer, who have saved the miserable arabs of our streets by thousands, who have gone out into the slums, who, from one end of the world to the other, have endeavoured at least to preach the Gospel to the lowest of the poor; and if we are to look down upon these men from the whole height of our conventionalism, and of our inferiority, let us at least at the same time confess that there lives a surer light of God in them, whatever may have been their superficial mistakes, than there does in whole armies of men whose only functions it seems to be to criticise and to sneer. For my part I have no hesitation in saying that it seems that these men are far more deserving the gratitude of mankind, as they deserve and receive the approval of God, than very many of those who are their critics. *They* have not merely sat still and criticised; they have gone out into the midst of the battle; they have rescued the perishing; they have cared for the dying; they have toiled and wrought, and fought and overcome, and assuredly they shall have their reward. Even a statesman, a poet, a man of the world like the late American Ambassador, James Russell Lowell, addressed words of solemn warning to us in the well-known lines called "The Parable"—

Said Christ, our Lord, "I will go and see
How the men, My brethren, believe in Me."

He is welcomed by the kings and the priests with all their state and solemn pomp of worship:

Great organs surged thro' arches dim
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him!
And in church, and palace, and judgment hall,
He saw His image high over all.

But still, wherever His steps they led,
The Lord in sorrow bent down His head;
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.

"Have ye founded your thrones and altars then
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"

In vain they plead their customs, and their services, and their religiosity:

Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man,
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.

These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment hem
For fear of defilement, "Lo! here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"

There is surely a most solemn warning in those words and the quarter from which they come. That there is on every side of us a vast sea of misery which rolls its turbid waves to our very doors; that there are thousands living in these our great crowded cities on the dim borderland of destitution; that there are among us thousands of the unemployed, many of whom are not, as some would persuade us, mere lazy impostors; that there are thousands, and tens of thousands, of poor, miserable little children, who soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime; that there is everywhere around us a vast mass of suffering humanity, which looks to us with its silent appeal; that there is still

among us the demon of drink, creating infamies daily in our cities such as could hardly be exceeded in literal truth by Dahomey or Ashanti, and still raking into its bursting coffers streams of gold, much of which is red with the blood of men, and swollen with the tears of women—that all this is around us is patent to every eye.

And God will work no miracle to alter this state of things. He works through human means. If we neglect these evils they will remain neglected and uncured until the pit swallow them, but we shall be held responsible for them. It is vain for us to ask, "Are we our brother's keeper?" In spite of political economists; in spite of superfine theories of chilly wisdom; in spite of trenchantly contemptuous leading articles which treat of propositions dictated, at any rate, by sincerity, as if they were, to quote their own language, "mere verbal poultices," "mere sickly fluidity," "mere hysteric gush"—I say, in spite of these influences, which tend against the passion and the enthusiasm of humanity, God will ask every one of us, with such a glance as struck Simon Magus with a curse, or Gehazi with leprosy, "What hast thou done? Smooth religionist, orthodox Churchman, self-satisfied worldling, befringed and be-phylacteried Pharisee, that voice of thy brother's blood crieth to Me from the ground."

CAIN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Now this awful reproach is met by the world with a shout of reclamation. The respectable say, "Is it possible that we, the learned, the rich, the respectable, the religious, the refined—is it possible that *we* are responsible for this state of things, and that we are our brothers' keepers in this sense?" And all the worldly and the scornful say, "What have we to do with these pariahs, with these hangers-on of the gin-shops, with these noisy and blatant demagogues, with these idle and worthless ruffians?"

Well, the question is asked in various ways. Let us consider some of them. Some people ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" simply in coarse ignorance. They are like Tennyson's Northern Farmer, steeped to the lips in the hardness of selfish money-making, and they say, "Take my word for it, the poor in a loomp is bad." It may not be often that that thought is expressed with the same brutal and ignorant frankness; but how often are we told, "If they are so poor, if they are so destitute, it is at least their own fault." Well, St. James had something to say to those respectable rich Jews of his day. "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love Him? But ye have despised the poor."

Then, again, some may put the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" with a sort of sham and scornful compassion. Take these lines:

> In dirt and sin ye all were born,
> In sin and dirt ye all were bred;
> Not yours in truth, not yours to scorn
> The offal which is board and bed.
> Wallow until your lives be through;
> Satan's godchildren, take your due.
>
> Take gold, disperse the rich man's store,
> Take it and satisfy your need;
> Then misbeget some millions more
> For our posterity to feed:
> We cannot govern worlds by rule,
> Or put a continent to school.

I know not who is the author of these lines; they are, I believe, anonymous; I cut them out of a newspaper. But I say to you that such language, even to the most destitute suffering, is to indulge in a spirit which is the very antithesis to the tenderness and to the compassion of Christ. Such a spirit of scorn and loathing robs even charity of its compassionateness, and makes a charitable gift something more odious and something more maddening than a blow.

Then again, there are many who

ask the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" in a sort of indifferent despair. How often do we hear men say, "Well, there is a great deal of suffering, but what good can *I* do? What is the use of trying to do anything?" And then they invariably quote the passage of Deuteronomy which we hear so often, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." How is it that they invariably forget the context of those words: "The poor shall never cease out of the land: therefore—*therefore* I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy in thy land. Thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him: because that for this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto."

A writer who has done much to quicken our sympathies in this generation, Mr. Ruskin, has said, "I know that there are many who think the atmosphere of misery which wraps the lower orders of Europe more closely every day as natural a phenomenon as a hot summer. But, God forbid! There are ills which flesh is heir to, and troubles to which man is born, but the troubles which he is born to are as sparks which fly upwards, not as flames burning to the nethermost hell. The poor we must have with us always, and sorrow is inseparable from any hour of life; but we may make their poverty such as shall inherit the earth, and the sorrow such as shall be hallowed by the hand of the Comforter with everlasting comfort. We can, if we will but shake off this lethargy and dreaming that is upon us, and take the pains to think and act like men."

DOMESTIC SLOTH.

Let me mention another way only in which the question may be asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It is asked, as I have said, in coarse ignorance; it is asked in sham compassion; it is asked in indifferent despair; it is asked also with an unreality and domestic sloth. It does not challenge God with the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?" if it acts in every respect as if it were not. The poets, who are our great moral teachers, have seen that fact. Coleridge speaks to us of

> The sluggard Pity's vision weaving tribe,
> Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched.
> Nursing in some delicious solitude
> Their dainty loves and slothful sympathies.

And Wordsworth speaks to us as living in days

> When good men
> On every side fall off we know not how
> To selfishness, disguised in gentle names
> Of peace, and quiet, and domestic love.

There, my friends, is a terrible danger for us all; it is the narrow fashion of domesticity. We think we can never do enough for our wives and for our children. We are apt to think that public life is only a thing which need not be attended to because of the languid virtue of providing for our families. Lacordaire, the great French orator, and Tocqueville, the great French statesman, both point out the immense danger there is lest we should limit our duty to the narrow circle of our own families. Only the worst men are actuated by that kind of selfish individualism which has been described as the *egoïsme à soi*—mere personal egoism. Vast numbers are actuated by that slightly expanded selfishness which has been called *egoïsme à plusieurs*—egoism simply expanded to members of our own families. Every one must be on guard against it. We belong, not only to families, but to the collective life, to the collective being; we must, therefore, make a stand against that narrow fascination which induces us to forget our duty as citizens and as men. We must help; we must not look on indifferent to all the woes and

miseries of men around us. We must not be as churlish Nabal, saying, "There be many servants nowadays that break away every man from his master. Shall I then take my bread and my wine and my flesh that I have killed for my shearers, and give it unto men whom I know not whence they be?" We must not be like Dives, arrayed in purple and fine linen, faring sumptuously every day, while Lazarus lies neglected, and, in all but vain words, unpitied at our doors. We must not be like the old Epicurean poet, Lucretius, who said it was sweet, when the winds were sweeping the waters into storm, in some great sea, to watch the dread toiling of another from the shore.

WORK OR SNEERS?

The feeling of the Christian must be the very opposite of this. We must man the lifeboat, and if we are not strong enough to row, we must try to steer; and if we cannot steer, we may at least help to launch the lifeboat; and if we must leave that for stronger hands, then—

> As one who stands upon the shore,
> And sees the lifeboat go to save;
> And, all too weak to take an oar,
> I send a cheer across the wave.

The weakest, the meanest, and the commonest way of all is to sit still and criticise; to say, "It is an unfit lifeboat," "It is badly made," "It will not secure its purpose," "The poor wretches on the wreck are dead already," "We cannot save them," "We are only endangering other lives," "These are not the fit men to row," "They are quite the wrong persons." Worst and wickedest way of all is to sneer, to call names, to discourage, to try in every way to suppress and injure those who are doing the work which we ourselves are not doing. Surely at the very least we ought to attempt something to help the shipwrecked mariners, and to encourage those who are toiling for them as we are *not*. We are bound to help; we are bound to sympathize; at the very lowest we are bound to *give*.

In conclusion, let us be sure of this, that character and not creed, that active service and not profession or form, is the ultimate test of all things with God. It is love which is the fulfilling of the law. If we would enter into life we must keep the Commandments. That was the one test with God of all orthodoxy, of all Churchmanship, of everything which constitutes the kingdom of heaven. If we have not *that*, we may come before God, and say that we are members of the only right organization; that we alone hold the right opinions about the sacraments, or about the Scriptures, or about the priesthood; that we alone attend to all the ordinances of religion scrupulously and faithfully; yet all these things, if unaccompanied by love, by service, by active endeavour for our fellow-men, will be to Him as valueless—nay, as hateful—as the mint and anise and cummin of the arrogant and exclusive Pharisees and priests, who murdered the Christ for whom they professed to look.

After all is said and done, there is but one test with God of orthodoxy, of catholicity, of membership of the kingdom of heaven—a test which sweeps away nine-tenths of the falsity of artificial religionism; it is, "He that doeth righteousness is righteous." And righteousness in the eyes of God consists in love to our fellow-men as shown in love to Him. "He that *doeth* righteousness is born of God."

RESTORE to God His due in tithe and time:
A tithe purloined cankers the whole estate.
—*Herbert.*

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.*

BY MARIE A. BELLOC.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MERE words cannot adequately express the place Miss Florence Nightingale holds to this day in the heart of the British nation. During the last forty years her name has been a most powerful talisman when anything to do with national health was in question; and yet no woman possesses a more retiring disposition, or has set her face so determinedly against any sort of publicity as regards her private life.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Miss Nightingale and her life-work is the fact that she was able to fill a void at a moment when there seemed none able or willing to undertake the terrible task of nursing the wounded in the Crimea.

The picture left of her by some

* Abridged from *The Young Woman*.

of those wounded soldiers whom she tended will remain indelibly stamped on the heroic roll-call of the nineteenth century. And it may be truly said that the mere fact of her presence during the terrible months the war lasted put new courage into the hearts of the soldiers, and undoubtedly saved many valuable lives by the mere effect produced on the imagination of those sick and wounded, who, till her arrival at the seat of war, had felt forsaken by God and man.

A curious and now priceless collection might be made of "Florence Nightingale literature." It is to be doubted whether even Joan of Arc has been more celebrated in verse or prose than "The Soldier's Friend," and of these tributes not the least pathetic and interesting were those which came straight from the simple, honest hearts of those writers who respond to a people's feelings in popular song.

I have before me as I write two of these quaint effusions, thin slips of yellow paper, each headed by a rough woodcut purporting to show Miss Nightingale by the bedside of a sick soldier. The first runs—

"A woman in the Crimea there lives,
Some miles across the wave,
No bounty for herself receives,
She gives succour to the brave.
Like an Angel of Mercy she shines forth,
Her goodness has never known to fail.
The blessings of our soldiers' wives
Be on Florence Nightingale."

And the other—

"Now God sent this woman to succour the brave,
Some thousands she's saved from an untimely grave.
Her eyes beam with pleasure, she is bounteous and good;
The wants of the wounded are by her understood.
With fever some brought in, with life almost gone,
Some with dismantled limbs, some to fragments are torn.
But they keep up their spirits, their hearts never fail,
Now they're cheered by the presence of a sweet Nightingale."

Miss Nightingale was seventy-five years of age on the 15th of May last. Her father, a wealthy Hampshire and Derbyshire squire, was travelling with his wife in Italy when the event occurred which was to prove of such moment to the English nation, and accordingly the baby-girl was christened Florence, after the City of Flowers where her birth took place. But she is thoroughly English by associations, her childhood having been spent at the beautiful old manor house of Leahurst, which is close to the River Derwent, and surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in England. There she and her sister, the late Lady Verney, received a careful home education, their father, Mr. Shore Nightingale, being devoted to his two daughters. When he found that the younger of them earnestly desired to give up her life to the service of her fellow-creatures, far from interfering with her wishes, he did all he could to further her plans, and threw no impediment in the way of her making a special study, not only of British, but also of Continental hospitals, and centres of nursing work. The effect of all she saw produced a deep impression on the young girl's mind, and on her return home she made a small beginning at the important reforms she was going to carry out, by reorganizing a private nursing home in Harley Street, destined to become the nucleus of all the admirable institutions of the kind which have since sprung up.

The great opportunity of Miss Nightingale's life has passed into the domain of history. The outbreak of the Crimean War found Great Britain unprepared in more than one sense, and terrible stories of the utter inadequacy of the arrangements made for the wounded soon began to come home from the East. The French were fortunate in the possession of Sisters of Mercy, and as soon as this fact became known it was determined to send

out a small band of women willing to devote themselves to nursing the wounded; and Mr. Sidney Herbert, then Secretary of War, who had had occasion in the past to know something of Miss Nightingale's powers of organization, asked her to undertake the leadership of this expedition of mercy. That very day she had written offering her services.

Within a few weeks of her departure for the seat of war the name of Florence Nightingale had passed forever into the English language as a pseudonyme for wide-hearted charity, unsparing devotion, and sublime unselfishness.

More than one generation of English girls have revelled in the story of Miss Nightingale's work at Scutari; have heard how the sick and wounded would pray for her as she walked through the line of cots each night, lamp in hand; and how, within the space of a fortnight, four thousand patients, wounded or sick, were placed under her charge. One of the private soldiers whom she nursed said of her: "She would speak to one and another, and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know, for we lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell on the wall at night, and lay our heads on our pillows content." They have heard, too, and cannot hear often enough, the story of the dinner given to the officers of the British army and navy on their return from the East, and how, when Lord Stratford suggested that every guest should write on a piece of paper the name of the person whose deeds in the Crimean War would engrave themselves most indelibly in the history of the British people, and when the papers were examined everyone had written the name of Florence Nightingale.

She was "a ministering angel," without any exaggeration, in the hospitals, and as her slender form passed quietly along each corridor, every poor fellow's face softened with gratitude at the sight of her. When all the medical officers had retired for the night, and silence and darkness had settled down upon those miles of prostrate sick, she might be observed alone, with a little lamp in her hand, making her solitary rounds.

On more than one occasion she is said to have stood twenty hours at a stretch beside the wounded, helping the medical men. Her influence was so great, her power of persuasion so effective, that often when a patient refused to submit to an operation deemed necessary, a few words from her, her very presence beside the bed, sufficed to ensure submission and quiet. But it was trying and exhausting work, so that, when she herself was stricken by fever, great fears were entertained lest she should not have strength to resist. For several days her life was despaired of, but she unexpectedly rallied, and to the great relief of those both near her and afar, anxiously awaiting news, the physicians were able to pronounce her out of danger. Her convalescence was long, but she was at last able to return to Scutari, where her presence was much needed.

One who was with her through the weary days at Scutari has left the following description of her as she then was: "Her figure was slight and graceful, her manner dignified, her face beaming with tenderness for the soldiers, who kissed her shadow each night as she walked along the line of cots with a small lantern in her hand." Every night of her stay at Scutari, Miss Nightingale is said to have walked something like six miles of wards and corridors, for the vast hospital was three stories high, and in one fortnight four thousand patients were sent from the front, many wounded, but more suffering from every description of dreadful disease brought on by cold, privation, and insufficient food.

At last the much-longed-for peace dawned over Europe, but to the very last Florence Nightingale remained at her post, and then, fearful of the ovation which she knew would be hers if she attempted to return to England publicly, under her own name, she travelled quietly from the East with her aunt, under the name of Mrs. and Miss Smith. Her fellow-passengers little guessed who the quiet, graceful woman was, travelling home! The incognito served her well, for after nearly two years' absence she returned to her father's house as quietly as she had left it. But she could not long remain thus hidden—congratulations poured in from every side.

Longfellow has inscribed to her his beautiful poem, "Santa Filomena":

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

"Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp.

"The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

"As if a door from Heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went—
The light shone and was spent.

"On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

"Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear—
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore."

With kindred enthusiasm Gerald Massey wrote the following stirring verses entitled, "Our English Nightingale":

"'You brave, you bonny Nightingale,
You are no summer Bird;
Your music sheathes an Army's wail
That pierces like a Sword.'
All night she sings, brave Nightingale,
With her breast against the thorn;
Her saintly patience doth not fail,
She keepeth watch till morn.

"'Ah, sing, you bonniest Bird of God,
The night is sad and long;
To dying ears—to broken hearts—
You sing an Angel's song!'
She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
And weary warrior-souls
Are caught up into Slumber's heaven,
And lapped in Love's warm folds.

"'O sing, O sing! brave Nightingale,
And at your magic note
Upon Life's sea victoriously
The sinking soul will float.
O sing, O sing! brave Nightingale,
And lure them back again,
Whose path is lost and spirit crost,
In dark wild woods of Pain.'

"She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
She breathes a gracious balm;
Her presence breaks the waves of war,
She smiles them into calm.
She sings, she sings, brave Nightingale,
Of Auld Langsyne and Home;
And life grows light, the world grows bright,
And blood runs rich with bloom.

"Day unto day her dainty hands
Make Life's soiled temples clean,
And there's a wake of glory where
Her spirit pure hath been.
At midnight, thro' that shadow-land,
Her living face doth gleam;
The dying kiss her shadow, and
The Dead smile in their dream.

"Brave Bird of Love, in Life's sweet May,
She rose up from the feast,
To shine above our Banner,
Like God's Angel in the East.
'Brave Bird of Life, wave healing wings
O'er that gray Land o' the Dead;
God's heaven lie round you like a shield,
Earth's blessings on your head.'"

Among Miss Nightingale's most valued possessions are some of the rough and uncouth letters and addresses she received on her return from the Crimea from English-speaking folk all over the world. The late Prince Consort himself designed the beautiful jewel sent her by the Queen, composed of a St. George's Cross in red enamel on a white ground, encircled by a band on which are inscribed in gold letters "Blessed are the merciful;" while the letters V.R., surmounted by a crown in diamonds, traverse the cross, and a ribbon of blue enamel runs round the stem of a palm tree between whose branches are three diamond stars, signifying Mercy, Peace and Charity. On the back of this jewel, which resembles rather the star of some great knightly order than anything else, are inscribed on a gold plate the Queen's simple, heartfelt words of thanks to her distinguished subject.

In an incredibly short time fifty thousand pounds were subscribed as a testimonial of the nation's gratitude, but the sum was entirely devoted by the recipient to the formation of the Nightingale Home, an institution having its headquarters in a wing of St. Thomas' Hospital, and which is still acknowledged to be one of the best training homes for nurses in the world.

Miss Nightingale returned home fully intending to continue active nursing work, but it soon became evident that this was not to be. The awful strain she had gone through had permanently injured her health, and nothing but her indomitable energy and will-power could have enabled her to achieve all she has done from her sick-room during the last thirty odd years. It may be truly said that Florence Nightingale has acted as consulting nurse-physician to both the War Office and the Admiralty, giving always sound advice on both home and colonial sanitary matters, and keeping up as few people of half her age could have done with all the medical discoveries and nursing appliances. "I am so busy," she once wrote, "I have hardly ten minutes of idle time in the day." In addition to a vast correspondence—for superintendents of nursing institutions all over the world write to her for help and counsel—Miss Nightingale has done a considerable amount of literary work since her retirement from the world. Her "Notes on Nursing," full of clear, practical advice and sound sense, should be in every home, for each word in the little book is as true to-day as when it was first written thirty-four years ago.

During the last few years Miss Nightingale has lived almost entirely at Claydon House, Bucks, the beautiful country-place which was for many years the home of her late sister, Lady Verney, and which is now the property of the latter's step-son, Sir Edmund Verney. There she still receives, occasionally, workers in the nursing field, who feel it to be a great privilege to be thought worthy of receiving personal assistance from the queen of nurses. Lately Miss Nightingale has thrown her whole energies into the question of rural health and the prevention of disease in villages; and with characteristic sense she first started her missionary labours close to where she is herself living. There, under her personal supervision, a number of health missioners were sent into some of the Buckinghamshire villages to deliver public lectures on matters affecting the everyday life of the people. To village mothers Miss Nightingale not long ago addressed the following letter, which

deserves to be more widely known than it is:

DEAR HARD-WORKING FRIENDS,—I am a hard-working woman too. May I speak to you? And will you excuse me, though not a mother? . . . Boys and girls must grow up healthy, with clean minds, and clean bodies, and clean skins. . . . When a child has lost its health, how often the mother says, "Oh, if I had only known! but there was no one to tell me." And, after all, it is health and not sickness which is our natural state—the state that God intends for us. There are more people to pick us up when we fall, than to enable us to stand upon our feet. God did not intend all mothers to be accompanied by doctors, but He meant all children to be cared for by mothers. God bless your work and labour of love.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

And these kindly, simple words have proved an excellent introduction for the writer's apostles of health and cleanliness.

It is interesting to know that Florence Nightingale, although she has never joined the advanced women's party, considers the sexes equal before God and man. She said on one occasion: "You do not want the effect of your good things to be 'How wonderful for a woman!' nor would you be deterred from good things by hearing it said, 'Yes, but she ought not to have done this, because it is not suitable for a woman;' but you want to do the thing that is good whether it is suitable for a woman or not. Surely woman should bring the best she has, whatever that is, to the work of God's world. It does not make a thing good that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it, neither does it make a thing bad which would have been made good if a man had done it, if it has been done by a woman. Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work in simplicity and singleness of heart!"

Surely fine words with which to conclude even an imperfect account of Florence Nightingale.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

I.—THE FUEL OF THE SUN.

BY J. E. GORE.

THE dazzling brilliancy of the sun far exceeds all artificial sources of illumination. It has been shown experimentally that, compared with a standard candle placed at a distance of one metre from the eye, the sun's light is equal in quantity to fifteen hundred and seventy-five billions of billions of such candles! (Fifteen hundred and seventy-five followed by twenty-four ciphers). The *intensity* of the solar light—or the amount of light per square inch of surface—is found to be ninety thousand times greater than that of a candle, and one hundred and fifty times as bright as the lime-light! The blackest portion of a sun-spot exceeds the lime-light in intensity; and even the electric arc, when placed between the eye and the sun's disc, appears as a black spot!*

The question has often been asked, "What is the fuel of the sun?" "What is the origin of the vast amount of heat and light which is constantly being radiated by our central luminary into surrounding space?" The question is a difficult one to answer, if looked at in the light of actual combustion. The

* Young's General Astronomy, pp. 212–214.

amount of fuel necessary to produce the observed results is so enormous that it seems almost impossible to imagine where the fuel could come from.

Sir William Thomson has calculated that the quantity of fuel required for each square yard of the solar surface would be no less than thirteen thousand five hundred pounds of coal per hour!—equivalent to the work of a steam-engine of sixty-three thousand horse-power! This enormous expenditure of fuel would be sufficient to melt a thickness of about forty feet of ice per minute at the sun's surface. Sir John Herschel says, "Supposing a cylinder of ice forty-five miles in diameter to be continually darted into the sun *with the velocity of light*, and that the water produced by its fusion were continually carried off, the heat now given off constantly by radiation would then be wholly expended in its liquefaction, on the one hand, so as to leave no radiant surplus; while, on the other, the actual temperature at its surface would undergo no diminution." He also says that the ordinary expenditure of heat by the sun per minute would suffice to melt a cylinder of ice one hundred and eighty-four feet in diameter, and in length extending from that luminary to *a* Centauri!

As to the actual temperature at the sun's surface, very various estimates have been made by different computers. M. Becquerel, Professor Langley and Sir William Thomson consider that the temperature of the solar photosphere cannot exceed three thousand degrees Centigrade. Sir Robert Ball says that "we shall probably be well within the truth if we state the effective temperature of the sun to be about eighteen thousand degrees Fahrenheit." The actual heat of the sun, however, must be very great. Professor Young says: "When heat is concentrated by a burning-glass, the temperature at the focus cannot rise above that of the source of heat, the effect of the lens being simply to move the object at the focus virtually toward the sun; so that, if we neglect the loss of heat by transmission through the glass, the temperature at the focus should be the same as that of a point placed at such a distance from the sun that the solar disc would seem just as large as the lens itself, viewed from its own focus. The most powerful lens yet constructed thus virtually transports an object at its focus to within about two hundred and fifty thousand miles of the sun's surface, and in this focus the most refractory substances — platinum, fire-clay, the diamond itself—are either instantly melted or dissipated in vapour. There can be no doubt that if the sun were to come as near to us as the moon, the solid earth would melt like wax." Messrs. Trowbridge and Hutchins consider that in the solar atmosphere, where carbon is volatilized, the temperature is about equal to that of the voltaic arc.

It may be shown that were the sun's mass composed of coal it would all be consumed in about six thousand years. It has been suggested that the solar heat may possibly be maintained by the fall of meteors on its surface. A pound of coal falling on the sun's surface from an infinite distance would develop by concussion six thousand times the heat that would be produced by its combustion. But the enormous quantity of meteors required for the purpose—about thirty-eight hundred pounds per square foot per annum—renders this theory very improbable. If the earth were to fall into the sun it would maintain its heat for a period of less than one hundred years. Jupiter falling into the sun would supply its present expenditure for thirty-two thousand years to come; but, in view of the millions of years indicated by geological records, even this period must

be considered as comparatively short. Another objection to this theory is that the quantity of matter required would, in the course of ages, add appreciably to the sun's mass, which would derange the motions of the planetary system. The meteoric theory of the sun's heat must, therefore, be abandoned.

The theory now generally accepted by astronomers is that advanced by the eminent German physicist Helmholtz, which ascribes the heat of the sun to the shrinkage of its mass caused by gravitation. It may be shown mathematically that this shrinkage would undoubtedly produce the observed result, and, as gravitation *must* inevitably act on the component particles of the sun's mass, it seems quite unnecessary to look further for a satisfactory theory. The amount of shrinkage required to account for the present solar radiation is so small that the diminution of the sun's apparent diameter could not be detected by the most refined instruments of measurement. Sir William Thomson has shown that this shrinkage would amount to only thirty-five metres on the radius per annum, or one ten-thousandth of its length in two thousand years — a quantity quite inappreciable.

According to Helmholtz's theory, the sun's heat was originally generated by the collision of two masses, as in Dr. Croll's theory, but differing from that theory in the supposition that the bodies approached each other under the effects of gravitation alone, and not with any initial velocity. In some books it is "paradoxically stated" that the sun is actually becoming hotter owing to condensation; but this is quite incorrect. As Sir William Thomson points out, "cooling and condensation go on together." In fact, as the sun has been gradually losing heat for ages past, the amount of heat lost by radiation must be in excess of that gained by shrinkage; and, as this process is probably still in progress, the sun must be actually cooling down. Of course this cooling process is excessively slow—so slow, indeed, that one estimate makes the maximum loss not more than one degree Centigrade in seven years.

According to Sir William Thomson, if the sun's heat could be maintained by shrinkage until twenty million times the present annual expenditure is radiated away, the sun's diameter would be reduced to one-half what it is at present, and its density would be increased to about the specific gravity of lead. This would probably put a stop to all further shrinkage, "through overcrowding of the molecules."

Supposing the sun to have been radiating out heat for the past fifteen million years, the solar radius "must have been four times as great as at present." Sir William Thomson is not disposed to admit much more than twelve million years as the past duration of the sun's history, but this period—immense as it is—will not satisfy the demands of the geologists. To meet this difficulty Dr. Croll has advanced his "Impact Theory."

The ancient philosophers thought that the sun might possibly be inhabited! Even in modern times this hypothesis has been seriously considered. Dr. Elliott, in 1787, upheld this view, and on his trial at the Old Bailey for the murder of Miss Boydell his friends maintained his insanity, and quoted as proof of their assertion the pages of his book in which this opinion was expressed. A necessary detail of Helmholtz's theory is that the sun must be in a fluid state from its surface to its centre. Were this not so it would soon grow dark, "as the conducting power of no known solid would suffice to maintain the incandescence." The idea of a solid nucleus enclosed in a fiery envelope must, therefore, be abandoned and con-

signed to the limbo of all such uncritical theories.

Sir William Thomson thus describes the action which would probably take place during the formation of the sun according to the gravitation theory: "Think of two cool solid globes, each of the same mean density as the earth, and of half the sun's diameter, given at rest, or nearly at rest, at a distance asunder equal to twice the earth's distance from the sun, they will fall together and collide in exactly half a year. The collision would last about half an hour, in the course of which they will be transformed into a violently agitated incandescent fluid mass, flying outwards from the line of motion before the collision, and swelling to a bulk several times greater than the sum of the original bulks of the two globes. How far the fluid mass will fly out all round from the line of collision it is impossible to say. The motion is too complicated to be fully investigated by any known mathematical method. A mathematician with sufficient patience might, however, approximate to the truth. After a series of oscillations it will subside, probably in the course of two or three years, into a globular star of about the same dimensions, heat and brightness as our present sun, but different from him in this, that it would have no rotation."

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

"If she were your own daughter, Professor Laurence, would you risk the operation?"

"Most assuredly I should," returned the professor, without a moment's hesitation.

It was Errol Keith who asked the question in the library at Errol Lodge one sunny May morning, when all the world seemed waking to the beauty and fulness of the early summer. His fine face wore a grave, concerted look, as if he felt the subject under discussion to be of the utmost moment to him.

"I will explain it to you, Mr. Keith," said the professor in his gravely kind manner. "Unless the operation be risked, your cousin must resign herself to the certainty of becoming a confirmed invalid, and her life, however long or short, will be full of suffering. On the other hand, if she consents to undergo this operation, there are nine chances out of ten that she will be restored to perfect health. Do you think it would be wise to hesitate on account of the one slender chance of failure?"

"Certainly not, Professor Laurence. If my cousin consents, will you undertake the operation?"

"Willingly, in conjunction with your own physician," returned the professor. "I presume Mrs. Keith will inform the young lady of our decision, and let us know her opinion."

"Someone will tell Airlie," Errol answered. "It will not be difficult, Professor Laurence; her brave, bright patience has often astonished me."

"She seems of a remarkably sweet, cheerful disposition, which doubly ensures our success. When you come into practice, Mr. Keith, you

will speedily learn how much depends on the patients themselves. These desponding folks are the most troublesome to deal with."

"I believe you. Well, we will discuss this matter, and let you know the result."

"So I ought, Professor Laurence, so I ought!" returned Errol, quickly. "I daresay you can guess pretty correctly at the true state of the case. It is six years since I entered the University first, and there was not the shadow of a reason why I should not have graduated at least eighteen months ago. I have shamefully idled my time and wasted my opportunities."

ERROL AND PROFESSOR LAURENCE.

"When are you to be ready to fill your father's shoes, Mr. Keith?" asked the professor, with one of his kindly searching glances. "It seems to me that you ought to have been in practice long ago. Forgive my candour."

"Ah, well, if you are awaking to the seriousness of life, there may be no great harm done," said the pro-

fessor, kindly. "Has this little girl from the wilds of Africa taught her tall cousins a lesson in life, I wonder?"

Errol smiled, but did not deny it. It was impossible to resent what his professor said. He was an old man who had known and loved his father, with whom he had sat on the same bench at school and college, and who yet retained a kindly interest in the children of his old friend. After the professor took his leave, Errol returned to the drawing-room to his mother.

"Dear me, you have had quite a consultation, surely!" she said, rather querulously. "What has it been all about? What does the professor say about Airlie? I ought to have come down, I suppose, but really my nerves are hardly equal to the trial."

"Airlie is seriously ill, mother," answered Errol. "Professor Laurence urges the advisability of an immediate operation; it is her only chance of restoration to health."

"An operation, here in this house!" exclaimed Mrs. Keith. "Why, the anxiety and the worry of it would kill me."

"And what about Airlie, then?" asked Errol, with a slight bitterness, impatient of his mother's selfish fears.

"Really, Errol, you put her before us all," said Mrs. Keith, sharply. "Of course I am very sorry for her, and if Laurence advises the operation, I suppose it must take place. But there must be a nurse got, for I am not fit to wait upon her."

"Of course there will be a nurse got. Everything will be done to save you anxiety or trouble, mother," answered Errol. "But Airlie must be attended to. She has no one but us to look to. You would not think of sending her to the infirmary, surely?"

"No, no, that would never do. It would look so wretchedly bad. How can you suggest such a thing? Isn't it only poor, low kind of people who go there? Really, Errol, you are very aggravating."

Errol was silent a moment. He knew his mother must be feeling weaker than usual, and he was glad to attribute her heartlessness to the state of her health. Time was when he would not have put such a strong curb on his impatience. Errol Keith had not always been mindful of his filial duty to his widowed mother; and she had borne a great deal, with a patience surprising in a woman of her character. But she had always made idols of her boys.

"Will you tell Airlie this, then, mother?" he asked presently.

"Dear me, no. How could I? It would make me quite ill for ever so long. You or Janet must tell her. Tell her I'm very, very sorry for her, and I'll come and see her when I am able."

"Where is Janet, mother?"

"With Airlie, probably. Everybody waits hand and foot on Airlie. I don't complain, only it shows the difference between an old woman's suffering and that of a young girl. We know who gets the sympathy."

"Dear mother, don't speak like that!" said Errol in distress, for his mother had begun to cry, and he could not bear the sight of a woman's tears.

"Aren't you going to your classes to-day? Jack is away long ago."

"No, mother, I'm not going out to-day," answered Errol, and leaving the room he went upstairs, and knocked lightly at the door of the little sitting-room where Airlie now spent the most of her time. She had not been downstairs since the beginning of spring.

"Come in," said Janet's voice, and when he entered she was sitting by Airlie's sofa, bathing the poor, hot head with eau de cologne. She looked round quickly, as if seeking to gather from her brother's face the verdict of the professor.

Airlie opened her eyes and smiled in her peaceful, happy way; and

there was nothing to indicate that she had been excited or troubled at all by the ordeal she had just undergone.

"Well, Errol, what does he say?" she asked, cheerfully. "You look so sober, I am afraid he thinks me as useless as I do myself. Don't be afraid to tell me. It matters little to me either way."

"He is not hopeless, Airlie," said Errol, quickly; for, not of his seeking, the task of telling her the verdict had fallen upon him. "There is one chance. He is very anxious that you should take advantage of it. Are you strong enough to bear it?"

"I am quite calm, Errol. What is it?"

"An operation, Airlie," said Errol, in a choking voice. "He says if you were his own daughter he would go on with it," he continued, eagerly, now that the worst was over. "Think, Airlie. He says it is sure to be successful, and that you will be completely restored to health."

Airlie had winced a little at his first words, but she grew calm and bright again, and only answered quietly,

"Whatever you all think for the best, Errol, I am willing to do," she said, simply; "I could trust myself implicitly in the hands of Professor Laurence, though I never saw him till to-day."

Errol Keith, almost overcome, walked away out of the room. Then Janet saw her cousin's thin face grow very white, and her lips quiver, and she laid her cool, kind hand once more on the broad, sweet brow.

"I am such a coward, Janet," said Airlie, opening her eyes, with a little fluttering smile. "It is rather a trying thought, the surgeon's knife, isn't it? It is good of you all to take so much trouble and interest in me."

"Hush, Airlie dear; how can it be a trouble when you are so dear and good?" said Janet, quickly.

"I hope it will be very soon, for I should not like to have many days to think of it. But after all, Janet, what can it matter? Living or dying, I am the Lord's, and He will not hurt His own."

As Janet Keith listened to these words, uttered in a sweet, quiet voice, and saw the look of peace which accompanied them, a sharp pang of envy shot through her heart. Airlie Keith had few indeed of what the world terms precious things, but she possessed a happy secret altogether unknown to her. She pictured herself in Airlie's place—could she face such an ordeal with that brave unflinching spirit? Could she thus let herself lie, as it were, in God's hand, knowing He would do all things well? Ah, no! Of late, many vague, indescribable yearnings had rent the proud, reticent soul of Janet Keith. She had begun to feel how paltry and unworthy were her aims in comparison with the sweet, holy, unselfish aspirings which were the mainspring of her cousin's life.

"What are you thinking of, Janet? Tell me, dear. Don't vex yourself about me. Don't you see the first natural pang is over, and I am quite at rest. As Errol says, would it not be a glorious thing to be perfectly well? Do you know, I cannot recall a single day when I was entirely free from pain."

"Since you came to us, Airlie?"

"Yes, and for very long before that, Janet. But you have not told me your sober thoughts."

"I was thinking, Airlie, that if I had to change places with you now, what an awful thing it would be for me!"

"How awful? I think you would bear trouble nobly, Janet. You have such a fine spirit, you would never give up."

Janet Keith shook her head, and her beautiful face deepened in the shadow.

"I have not your secret, Airlie.

If I had to give up the world, I have nothing to cling to," was all she said.

Airlie turned round, with a quick, glad light in her solemn dark eyes. "But, Janet, you may lay hold of the Rock. Trust yourself with Him, He will lead you on. He will give you a joy of which you can have no idea. But for that joy, Janet, how could I have been sustained through the trial and desolation I have endured? How could I have given up papa and mamma if I had not known who had need of them, and who would comfort me?"

"Teach me, Airlie! show me the way," fell from Janet's lips, and she bowed her golden head upon her hands. "My life is empty and purposeless; show me how and where it can be filled."

So Airlie began to speak, in great gladness of heart, upon the golden theme she loved. Even in her hour of direst weakness and need the Master had work for her to do. She had bemoaned herself as an empty vessel, and, lo, she was to be filled with His love in order to supply the chalice of another's need.

CHAPTER V.

"Isn't it lovely here, Airlie?"

"Oh, it is! that sea breeze, Janet, is the very elixir of life!"

So saying, Airlie Keith folded her arms behind her head, and drew in a long breath of the salt air coming up from the sea. They were sitting together in the fragrant, old-fashioned garden of a remote farm-house on the western coast; the day was one of July's sunniest mood. Books and work lay on the rustic bench beside them, but both were too much occupied with the beauty of their surroundings to be inclined to work or read. And yet the place was not quite new to them, for it was six weeks now since they had sought it as a summer retreat. Could that bright-looking maiden with the clear, sparkling eyes, and the tinge of delicate colour in her rounding cheek, be the frail invalid for whose life there had been such fear two months ago at Errol Lodge? Ay, verily it was Airlie Keith. The operation had proved eminently successful, and now Airlie Keith was almost restored to perfect health. She had come to Kilcraigie convalescent, to grow strong and vigorous under the influences of air and earth and sea. They had done their work well.

"What are you watching for, Airlie?" asked Janet, with a smile, following her cousin's look down the white road which led to the little hamlet on the shore.

"I am wondering about the post, Janet. Isn't it time we heard something of Errol now?"

"Yes, I believe it is. Poor boy, he has not had much of a holiday. We must make a great deal of him in the few days he will be with us here."

"Isn't that Jack and Marion coming up the slope, Janet?"

"Yes, and I see letters in Jack's hand. Don't you see him waving frantically to us? I believe he has good news."

"Let us go and see," exclaimed Airlie, and jumping up, she ran off down the garden, leaving Janet to follow more leisurely.

"Hurrah! three cheers for Doctor Errol!" exclaimed Jack, directly the slim white-robed figure was within hearing. "He has passed with first-class honours. Hurrah! good for the old boy, isn't it? He'll be down to-night—won't we give him a jolly reception!"

"Oh! I am so glad!" exclaimed Airlie, breathlessly. "How proud and glad Aunt Marion will be! And he will be here to-night?"

"Yes; isn't it all splendid, Airlie?" said Marion, in her gentle way. "Errol was so anxious. If he had not done well, I would have been afraid to meet him. And now we can have a real jolly fortnight here.

Won't he be astonished to see you, Airlie?"

"Why, pussy?"

"Because you look quite different. Doesn't she, Jack?"

"Don't you just. Why, you look just stunning!" said Jack, looking with genuine admiration at his cousin's bright, sweet face. "I bet he'd hardly recognize you. But I tell you I'm jolly glad the exam's passed off so well. I only wish such luck will fall to me next year."

"Deserve it, Jack, and it will," said Airlie, in that earnest way of hers. Jack nodded, and his eye shone with his high resolve. Truly there was a change. Airlie Keith had awakened in these two young men a perception of life's most earnest meanings, and her quiet, sweet influence was already reaping its precious harvest. Errol arrived by the steamer at sunset, and was met by his brother and sisters, Airlie remaining in the house beside her aunt; for she had to be careful yet of the chill night airs, and never

ERROL ARRIVED BY THE STEAMER AT SUNSET

exposed herself to needless risks. No physician had ever a more obedient and willing patient than Airlie Keith.

"Errol will just step into his father's practice by-and-bye, and it will be very pleasant," said Mrs. Keith, in a self-satisfied sort of way, as Airlie and she sat in the wide, low window of the sitting-room, waiting for the party from the pier. "It is a very good practice, you know; among quite the best people. I have no doubt Errol will make a very fine position for himself in Edinburgh."

"Errol would win a position for himself anywhere, Aunt Marion," said Airlie, quietly.

"Oh, of course. But I hope he will be sensible, and not disappoint me. I have set my heart on seeing him follow in his father's footsteps."

"But, Aunt Marion, suppose duty called him elsewhere," Airlie ventured to say.

"My dear, a son's duty is to obey and consider his mother," said Mrs. Keith, severely. "You have great influence with your cousins, Airlie. If you see Errol inclined to wander, I hope you will use it for good, and urge his duty upon him."

"I hope I shall always use what little influence I possess for good, Aunt Marion," said Airlie, meekly.

"I don't doubt it in the least, Airlie. You have really been quite an acquisition to us. I don't know how it is, but the house seems a pleasanter place since you came. There is very little of that jarring and nagging among the children which used to be such a trial to my nerves. But I daresay as they get older they are gathering sense. I hear voices; do you see them coming, Airlie?"

"Yes, Aunt Marion, they are just at the garden gate."

"And how does that poor boy look? Worn out after his ordeal?"

"I can't see, Aunt Marion, it is so dark in the shadow of the trees," said Airlie, a trifle nervously; for her heart was fluttering at the thought of seeing Errol again. Ah, surely it required something more than cousinly regard to account for that strange, sweet thrill of joy with which she heard his deep, pleasant voice ringing through the sweet July dusk.

Presently the happy party entered the house, and then there was such a babel of greeting, and congratulations, and joyous talk. Airlie did not say much, but the fervour with which she returned Errol's close hand-clasp told him something of what was in her heart. When the lamp was brought in and he saw the great and happy change in his cousin's appearance, his cup of joy was full.

"Airlie, I cannot tell what it is to me to see you like this," he said in a low voice. "It is the crowning touch to this happy day."

She smiled and nodded, and there was no time to say more, for tea was in, and Jack clamouring for them to begin.

YONDER.

No shadows yonder!
All light and song:
Each day I wonder,
And say, How long
Shall time me sunder
From that blest throng?

No weeping yonder!
All fled away:
While here I wander
Each weary day,
And sigh as I ponder
My long, long stay.

No partings yonder!
Time and space never
Again shall sunder,
Hearts cannot sever,
Dearer and fonder,
Hands clasp forever.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XIV.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Hath wine an oblivious power?
Can it pluck the sting out of the brain?
The draught might beguile for an hour,
But it leaves behind it the pain."

FAITH sat for an hour in the station watching the coming and going of the passengers for the early train. Then Kiah returned.

"I have been to those three saloons, and am pretty sure that he has not been to them for drink."

"I wouldn't trust a word they say," replied Faith.

"One of them I am sure about, for he owes ten dollars there and can get nothing until it is paid. As for the other two, I feel pretty certain that he has not been there this time. They think that there is a successor to the negro's whiskey den somewhere, and they suspect the woman that keeps the hotel of selling, and she has no license. They are all interested in finding that out."

"Mrs. Batt, at the Worlo House!" cried Faith. "A woman! Why, that can't be so. A woman cannot be so horrid! besides I have seen her at the church, whenever I went there, singing in the choir."

"She had better be out of the choir then, for the singing is a part of the worship of God, and only those should be in the choir who can praise God with both heart and voice. The fact is, Miss Faith, I believe it is this Mrs. Batt who has sold the liquor and has taken your pictures."

"Wait a minute until I think," said Faith.

Next door to the Worlo House, kept by Mrs. Batt, was the house of the woman who owned the store where Faith occasionally bought fancy-work materials when her supply from the city ran short. This Mrs. Gaines was a shrill-voiced, hard-dealing woman, and sometimes when she was away from the shop her place was taken by a young girl—a thin, sad, over-taxed creature, a niece of Mrs. Gaines, who "worked for her keep," she told Faith. Faith had been drawn to sympathize with this girl whose lot seemed hard, and on the few occasions when she had seen her she had spoken cheerily and kindly to her, and the girl, Nan, seemed to appreciate it; such little attentions were not frequent in her experience. Faith now began to reason: "Living next to the Worlo House, Nan Gaines will probably know something of what goes on there. She likes me, and she would tell me what she thought I needed to know. Mrs. Gaines is such a hard mistress that probably she makes Nan rise very early, and so Nan may have seen my father if he went early to the Worlo House."

She concluded to make an errand into Mrs. Gaines' store to see if Nan were there. If Mrs. Gaines were in charge, then Nan would be at the house with only a child or two, and Faith could go there to question her. Opposite the Worlo House was a small fruit shop, and she proposed that Kiah should go there and wait for her while she prosecuted her inquiries.

Nan was not at the shop, so Faith went to the house and, going round the back way, found the girl cleaning up the kitchen. She asked her for a drink and spoke kindly to her for a few minutes. Then:

"You are very close to the hotel, Nan."

"Closer than I want to be."

"Does Mrs. Batt sell liquor?"

"There's no telling what *she* does."

"Do you suppose she is a woman who would sell liquor and take things like household property or books or pictures as pay for it?"

"I don't know. I don't reckon there's any mean trick she'd be above doing. I just hate her! She flaunts around in her silk and feathers and flowers, as large as life, and she speaks to me and looks at me as if I were a dog. I've got feelings, if I am poor. She's no license to sell, and if she does it on the sly, I just wish they'd find her out and fine her; that's what I do!"

"Were you up early this morning?"

"I'm always up with the chickens, or before them."

"Did you"—Faith flushed and hesitated—"see this morning early, or late last night—any stranger going in there—with a parcel?"

"There's always strangers with parcels going into hotels," said Nan, looking keenly at poor Faith.

Faith stood silent.

Nan was not born to *finesse* and she had no refinements of education. She was rough because she had been roughly brought up; as for Faith, she felt kindly to her, and would be glad to do her a service. Also, she would be doubly glad to do Mrs. Batt an injury. She spoke out roundly:

"See here, miss, once or twice I saw you in town here with a man, an oldish man—I don't mean Kiah Kibble, the boat-builder; I know him; he gives me tracts sometimes; but another man, tall and rather handsome, and gentleman style, and looks as if he drank. Saw you come out of the drug store with him once, and he was talking mad like. Is that your father?"

Faith nodded. Oh, this was a hard errand that she had to do!

"I say, you won't never, never tell that I set you on the track of it, will you? You know I'm only a poor girl, with no folks to stand up for me if people gets mad at me; and Mrs. Batt will be just raving, and she and Aunt Gaines are pretty thick."

"I will not refer to you at all as having told me anything."

"Well, then,—come round here, Mrs. Batt may see us talking,—I was out sweeping the walk 'bout four o'clock this morning and I saw that very man—your father—slipping in behind the hotel with a right smart-sized jug in one hand, and under his arm a biggish bundle in a newspaper; looked to me just like picters, and I says to myself: 'There's a man carrying off things from his home as he has no business to carry off, and if he's that sweet-spoken, pretty young lady's pa,' I says, 'just as like as not it's some of her things old Batt's getting.'"

Faith gave a sob. "But so early! he could not get in then."

"I reckon he hung round the carriage house till 'bout six, and then old Mrs. Batt's up, and he could bargain for his truck. It's my idea that he slept in the carriage house 'bout three weeks ago, when he got too full to go home. He did break out then, didn't he?"

Oh! the misery of this shameful investigation!

"Thank you for telling me all that you have," said Faith. "I will go out by the side gate so that Mrs Batt may not see me and trouble you."

"Hateful old thing!" said Nan. But this adjective "old" was just used to express her dislike, for in fact Mrs. Batt was not yet of middle age.

Faith went over to the fruit store and she and Kiah walked up the street for private conversation. "He has been getting his liquor at the Worlo House. He had a jugful this morning. I don't know where he is drinking it; but he brought the pictures."

"What shall we do now to get them, and then to find him?"

"The simplest way seems to me best," said Faith. "Let us go straight to the hotel parlour and ask for Mrs. Batt."

Faith's courage had now risen to the situation. That this bold, bad woman should have the pictures which Kenneth had given her was intolerable. They walked quietly into the Worlo House and asked for the proprietress. In marched Mrs. Batt in a pink wrapper trimmed with lace; her hair was much befrizzed, and she wore long earrings.

"Good-morning, Mr. Kibble! It *is* Mr. Kibble, I think; I've seen you pass. Is the young lady looking for board?"

"No," said Faith, erect, calm, firm; "I am looking for some of my property—these three pictures which hang here on your wall. You took them this morning from my father for a jug of whiskey. You must have known that he had no more right to sell the pictures *than you had to sell the liquor.* The pictures belong to me and my sister. I'll trouble you to take them down and give them to Mr. Kibble. We came for them."

Mrs. Batt's voice rose to a shrill scream of rage. "Get out of here, both of you! The pictures are mine! I bought them in Boston six months ago. Go out, or I'll have you put out!"

"The pictures are mine, and had my name and my sister's in pencil on the back. Have you rubbed them out? I can prove property. I will not go without them. If you have us put out, we will come in at once with a constable and complain of you for selling liquor without a license."

"Complain all that you like; but go!"

"See here, Mrs. Batt, the easiest way will be to give up the pictures," said Kiah, reaching down one from the wall. "Here is the young lady's name—Faith—on the back. Will you give them to us, or shall I stand guard over them, while she runs for a constable?"

"I must also know," said Faith, "if my father is drinking his liquor on your premises, for I must take him away."

"He isn't here," said Mrs. Batt. "I don't allow low, broken-down old topers, such as he is, hanging round my house! I should think you'd be ashamed to claim him; but probably you are used to it and not above it. You look so. As for the pictures, they are cheap wretched things. I don't care for them anyway. Take them." And opening a closet door Mrs. Batt picked up the very paper and string in which Ralph Kemp had brought the pictures, and handed them to Kiah.

Kiah took down the pictures, folded them up, and said: "Come, Faith." But when they were in the street he gave her the pictures and told her to wait while he went around and searched the back premises to see if her father were there.

"I think he must have gone away, as she said," he reported when he returned and took possession of the pictures. "Let us move along this way. It is now after eleven. I will stop in the little grocery at the fork of the road and buy us something to eat, and perhaps they can tell me which way your father went. It is my opinion that Mrs. Batt made him take his jug away, and he has gone somewhere to drink it at leisure."

When Kiah came out of the little grocery, bringing a package of eatables, he said: "They saw your father going across to those pine woods about half-past seven o'clock. That is not much out of our way. I think we may find him there."

Those were beautiful woods, and this was a beautiful day. The hot sun smote the pines and drew from them rich aromatic odours; the reddish pine needles made a soft, elastic

carpet, and through the trees the sunshine sifted, flecking the earth with light. The pine woods were very still in this hot noon; there was no sound but the ceaseless whisper of the pines, the click of falling needles or cones, and the light patter of squirrels' feet running along the branches, while tap, tap, tap, from a distance, came a woodpecker's drumming on a tree. Oh, how sweet and lovely and soothing is nature, drawing our hearts by her restful calms! What a contrast to the passion-tossed life of humanity is this sweet growth and quiet of the woods!

Faith, overworn by her morning of distressful excitement, sank back upon her cushion of pine needles, leaned against a tree, and took off her hat to let the fragrant breeze cool her flushed, unhappy face. Her breath came in little panting sobs; she looked utterly desolate.

Kiah laid down his parcels without a word, and with a little tin pail he had bought at the grocery went to hunt up a spring.

"I don't see nor hear anything of your father," he said as he came back; "but first of all, Miss Faith, you must eat a little something. You are tired out, and food will give you strength and courage for all that is to come. Keep up heart! We have your pictures, and soon we'll have your father. I haven't anything very good to offer you. All I could get yonder was cheese and crackers and gingersnaps and a little can of tongue. Try and eat a bite, Miss Faith."

At first Faith felt as if she could not take a mouthful; but that hurt Kiah's feelings, so she ate, and then found that she was very hungry, and was all the better for eating.

When the meal was over Kiah proposed that Faith should rest where she was, and he should explore the wood for her father. But when Kiah was out of sight inaction seemed dreadful to Faith, and she started up to investigate on her own account. She went hither and thither, searching vainly, and at last stopped, not far from a huge pile of brush, the trimmings of trees that had been cut up for firewood. As she stood there, deeply discouraged, she felt as if someone were watching her, and her eyes were presently drawn toward a place in the brush heap were she saw a pair of eyes, and part of a face, regarding her from the further side of the pile. This must be her father. She went straight around the heap.

There sat her father. After his first dram he had gone to sleep, as he had not been in bed all night. He had roused, and been drinking a little more, but carefully, as he purposed taking the day for it. He sat against the stump of a destroyed pine, and the fatal jug was near him. He said not a word as Faith drew near and knelt down beside him.

"Father!"

Infinite sorrow and reproach in her tone and face.

"Go away, child. You are too far from home. Why are you here?"

"To take what is my own," said Faith. "The liquor in this jug is mine. You paid for it with my pictures."

"Nonsense, girl! It is not fit for women—nor for men who know how to rule their appetites. To me it is a necessity."

"I can do what I will with my own," said Faith masterfully; and rising to her feet she seized the jug with a quick motion and whirled it against a big boulder lying near.

"Girl!" cried her father angrily. "Now I shall have to go for more."

"You will not go for more," said Faith, bending toward him. "I will help you against the demon that is destroying you. Come home to good little Letty. Just think how badly she feels for you to-day."

"I shall never go home again. I shall only make you two miserable,

and carry off everything that you have."

"Then I will go and get the things back, as I have the pictures."

"You got back the pictures?" said the father, having the grace to blush.

"Yes, I did; and you can get no more whiskey at the Worlo House. Where will you try next, father?"

"Faith, I hate you!"

"Not when you are sober, father. Come, go home with me. Think how comfortable Letty and I make you sometimes. Think of the night my mother died. Do you remember, she prayed for you, and she asked you to promise to be good to the children? You said yes."

"But I have been bad to you ever since! I have lied to the dead."

"And you repent of that? You can be forgiven." Faith had knelt down again, her hand on her father's knee. "Listen, father! Let us pray for you; let us ask God for help, and you will be helped."

"You may pray all you like," said Ralph; "it can neither help nor hinder me. The fact is, Faith, as I have said before, I am where *I don't care.* Conscience is dead; my love for you children is nearly dead; my memory of your mother, of my mother, is nearly dead also. Can such dry bones live?"

"Yes: by the breath of God's Spirit. Bow your head, father; you *must* pray."

"It is of no use," said Ralph; but he bent his head and listened, and the sobbing prayer of the daughter may have been of some use, for when it was ended he suffered her to take him by the hand and lead him away, and so they met Kiah Kibble coming from a vain search in the wood.

Kiah proposed that Kemp should have some of the luncheon that was left. At first Ralph refused, then consented, and ate while Kiah brought him the quart pail full of water. He drank half of it and rinsed his face and head with the remainder.

"Come," he said quietly, "let us go home; your sister will be wondering where you are. It must be some time after noon."

"It is half-past one," said Kiah.

Father gave a glance at the large parcel of the pictures under Kiah's arm, but made no comment.

The next day Kenneth called at the little house, while Ralph sat reading to his daughters. He remained chatting pleasantly for about an hour, and then asked Faith to walk on the beach with him.

Faith avoided Letty's eyes, which would say "No," and reached for her hat. Was not yesterday enough of misery? Why should she not have a little pleasure in her life to-day?

"I am glad those pictures were on the wall," said father to Letty when Faith and Kenneth had passed down the beach.

"They came near not being there, father."

"Yes: I'll tell you, Letty, what I wish. I wish you and Faith would go off and save yourselves while you can, and leave me to take my own chances. I'm too much trouble to you, and I never shall be anything else. I'm not worth your worrying about—and who knows how much worse I shall be some day? You can't understand the tyranny of appetite. You feel as if I could stop when I wanted to. It is not in me. If you girls will just go and leave me, I'll promise you solemnly never to go near you or trouble you."

"We don't want any such promise, father. We want to do our duty. I promised mother; I must keep my word."

"When a person is a victim of the drink mania," said her father coolly, "he cares no more for his word than for a burnt straw. As for this stickling for truth, for a word, have you observed, Letty,

that the old pagans had very little regard for that kind of honour? I think, on the whole, this scrupulosity of promise-keeping is a very commercial kind of virtue — the outgrowth of the shop-keeping character."

"Faith should be here to argue that with you, father," said Letty.

A few days after this the father and his two daughters walked over to the boatbuilder's shop, after supper.

Kiah brought out his violin and proposed that they should have a little music. While this was going on, a girl came walking swiftly up the beach. She looked hot, angry, miserable; she had been crying, and had a bundle in her arms. It was Nan Gaines.

"I got into trouble for what I told you, miss," she said, throwing her bundle down at Faith's feet. "That old Batt had seen you talking to me—or some of her servants had, and she set on my aunt to charging me with it, and she scolded me for an hour, and then when I said my tongue was my own, she slapped me and said I shouldn't stay there another hour. She will want me back to-morrow, but I won't go. I've slaved long enough for her. But it is just on the edge of evening, and I had nowhere to go, so I did up my bundle and came to you."

Faith looked aghast at this incident. What could she and Letty do with Nan, in their poverty and with father's vagaries?

But Kiah interfered: "See here, child, these young ladies have no room and no money, but I can take you in. I have an old woman to keep my house, but she is not much at sewing, and she's no company. I'll take you for a daughter, if you like to try it. I think I shall like at last to hear One say, 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.'"

CHAPTER XV.

LETTY TO THE RESCUE.

It is one of the saddest things in a world where much is sad, to see a family upon the down grade, each year, each month marking the decadence of the home and the degradation of the individuals. To see a family rising to better and better things, the children reaching wider influence and deeper knowledge and better position than their parents have had—this is harmonious with general human progress, and is a comfortable spectacle. Toward this, with concerted intention, all the members of families should aim; it should be part of the family projects, freely discussed by old and young.

There was none of this cheering improvement in the house on the beach; each semester saw family affairs showing a little darker for Ralph Kemp and his daughters. The two girls now never knew when their father would indulge himself; his drinking had now no periodicity which could be relied upon. Under stress of this constant watchfulness, the sisters began to look anxious and careworn.

About six miles from the boatbuilder's house, there was a pretty rural ground where a yearly camp-meeting was held, and to go there for a week, listen to the sermons and share in the singing and prayers, was the great treat of Kiah Kibble's life. This year his old housekeeper went also, and Nan, who had settled herself very comfortably as part of Kiah's family, was left to keep house for herself and the little boy. Nan often came over to see the sisters; she considered them her friends, and was loyally attached to them, while as part of her friendship she discussed their affairs with a distressing frankness, of the unpleasantness of which she was not at all aware.

The second morning of Kiah's absence Nan came running up the beach, evidently with something to communicate. Letty went out to meet her. Father had disappeared

before his daughters awoke. What was to Letty even worse, as newer and more unexpected, Faith was unable to rise, having a terrible headache and considerable fever. Faith had not spent a day in bed for four years, and Letty was proportionately anxious.

"I shall be all right to-morrow," said Faith. "Darken the room, Letty, and let me keep quiet. It is nothing, and you know just what to do for me."

She did not inquire about her father; perhaps in the severity of her pain she forgot him; perhaps she did not wish to know of an evil which she could not help.

Letty, on her part, said nothing, but having made her sister as comfortable as she could, and placed a cooling drink near at hand, went down to her work at the lower room window. When she saw Nan, she went out to meet her.

"What is the matter? Have you any bad news? Speak softly, for my sister is sick in bed."

"I should say I had bad news! And Miss Faith laid up! I don't know then what you *will* do! Nothing, I reckon, for of course you can't get along as she can."

"But what is it, Nan — about father?"

"Of course. Isn't it always about him? You two would get on well enough if it wasn't for him. A boy named Carson came up from the village to fish to-day, and he was getting clams for bait near the boat-house, and he told me your father was drinking in at Jeffers' saloon. He said the last time he got drunk there the men teased him, and he got mad and threw a bottle through the window and made a big fuss; and Jeffers said, sure as he was a living man, if he acted like that there again, he'd have him arrested and put in jail for a month. You girls would feel mighty bad about that, wouldn't you? And so would your father, for when he's not in liquor he's a mighty big-feeling gentleman."

"And he is at Jeffers' again?" gasped Letty.

"Yes; t'other two places won't let him have any. Hill promised Mr. Kibble that he wouldn't, and he owes at the other place. The Carson boy says your father is drinking, and the men tease him and call him 'president' and 'professor' and try to get him to talk Latin and Greek. By noon he'll get rampageous, and first you know he will be in jail. I reckoned maybe Miss Faith would go over and bring him home, but of course you can't do anything."

"If I were near him, I could manage him better than she can."

"But you can't walk over there."

Letty looked about. There, going toward the hotel, was the grocer's cart. It passed some distance above her house, and after calling at the hotel returned to the town. When they needed any supplies for the house, she or Faith went up to the beach to where the cart crossed, and spoke to the grocer. He was a friendly young fellow, and Letty was sure he would take her back to town with him, if she went up and waited for him at the crossing.

"I will go to town with Barry," she said, "if I can stop him at the crossway. Nan, will you sit quietly in the house until I come back, and only go to Faith or speak to her if she calls? Maybe she will fall asleep and know nothing of this. She was awake nearly all night. I'll get back from town some way."

"All right," said Nan cordially. "I will bring you your hat and cape from the house, and I'll go to the crossroad with you; you can walk easier if I take you along by the arm as your sister does."

Having reached Barry's cart in time, Letty soon was riding to the village beside the grocer. He tried to be agreeable and chatted, but poor Letty's heart was so heavy she could scarcely answer him. She

was ashamed to tell where she was going, or for what, but trusted to find her way to the saloon after she had been left at the druggist's, where she bought something for Faith.

As saloons are generally blatantly established upon the public way, Letty had not far to go before she saw the sign, "Bill Jeffers," and peeping through the window, there at a table was her father, intoxicated, in a heated discussion, angry, flushed; other men who were drinking listening with a jeering look; while Jeffers from behind the bar seemed on the watch for mischief. The door of the saloon was open and Letty heard plainly the subject of her father's harangue; she had heard it before; it was not new to her: he discussed the ethics of Aristotle. Terrified, not at her father, but at his comrades, Letty stole into the dreaded saloon. Short as a child, but with long dress and hair done up behind like a woman, her face piteous and terrified as a child's, but careful and grave as a woman's, Letty, whom none of these men had ever seen before, attracted instant attention.

"Well, young one, what do you want?" demanded Jeffers.

"I want my father," said Letty, going straight toward Ralph.

"Now see here!" bawled Jeffers, "it's one of my set rules not to have no kids nor women folks coming here after men. This is my place, and when the men gets done drinking their folks can wait for 'em outside."

"I'll take him right away," said Letty hurriedly. "I was afraid if he stayed he might quarrel, and I heard that you said you would send him to jail."

"So I will, if he breaks any more windows or raises a row."

"I'll take him out, and I wish, please, you'd never sell him any more, for then when he gets it he doesn't know what he is doing."

Jeffers laughed loudly. "If that ain't cool! I sell it to all that brings me their money. Cash, sure, is my rule."

Letty had drawn near her father. She took the glass from between his hands and touched his shoulder, saying gently, "Come now, dear, you and I will go home."

"Letty, why are you here? This is no place for a girl. Go home at once! Why are you meddling with me? You take too much on yourself, girl! The Roman women always remained in the privacy of their own homes. Go away, I say! I won't be watched and managed by you two girls! It is just disgraceful!"

His voice was loud and fierce, he gesticulated wildly, and all the men laughed. But there was one way in which Letty could always quiet her father and reduce him to submission like a tamed wild beast. She had the face and the voice of her father's mother. Her voice, if she had been left to her normal development like Faith, would have been powerful, but now it was, while not strong, yet unusually sweet and true. Perhaps its tones brought back the mother-love of old, the boyish reverence and devotion, for when Letty sang to him her father was always conquered. She thought nothing of the rude men standing about; she thought only of her father and how she must take him away and save him from himself. She took both his resisting tremulous hands in hers and with her eyes fixed on his began to sing:

"While I on earth abide,
Light of the world,
Be Thou my only Guide,
Light of the world.
Danger alone I see,
No hand outstretched to me,
Save when I turn to Thee,
Light of the world!

"I have been lured away,
Light of the world,
Far from Thy paths to stray,
Light of the world,

Like a bark tempest-tossed,
Rudder and compass lost,
Till Thy beam o'er me crossed;
Light of the world!

"There is an angel band,
Light of the world,
Close by Thy throne they stand,
Light of the world,
They sing the song of praise,
Join in the heavenly lays,
There I my voice would raise,
Light of the world!"

Father was now weeping like a child. Perhaps this "seemed to him like his mother's voice singing in Paradise." He looked at Letty. "Take me away with you, little girl. Take me away. There is fire within and fire all around me, and these faces here look at me like fiends from the pit. Take me away."

Father was not the only one weeping. Silence had fallen on the saloon, glasses were set down, tears were on rough faces.

Jeffers resented this situation. "Here, get out of this!" he said in a threatening voice, coming from his bar. "I don't keep no dime museum or monkey show for dwarfs or giantesses, or Salvation Army singing. You clear out!"

"How dare you speak so to my child!" shouted Ralph furiously.

"You wind up, Jeffers; you sha'n't have it all your own way here," cried a herculean fellow, seizing Jeffers by the shoulders. "Now hold your tongue, or I'll give you a bat that won't be good for you. Sit down there in your bar, tend to your glasses, and don't you move or speak. We are going to have some more singing. We don't often get a treat like this. Kemp, your little girl is all right; you just keep still and let her stand beside you; she is going to sing to us poor wretches. Start in, little one; we don't often hear about that Light, or anything else that's very good."

Letty trembled inwardly, but dared not refuse. Besides, she suddenly thought that this might be a call to do some service for her Lord. Letty felt as if she were a helpless little person who could serve Him very little. She began to sing again:

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek that happy land
Where they that love are blest?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

"O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight"

One more hymn she sang, but dared not linger longer. The music might lose its effect and her father would become rebellious.

"I am tired," she said. "I must go now. I wish you would not let my father come here any more." And she led Ralph away. The men watched her going off, holding her unsteady father by the hand.

"She'll never get him home," said Luke Folsom, who had come in. "She isn't strong enough to walk two miles and a half on sandy roads. And just like enough Kemp will get drowsy going at that gait and will lie down and sleep for hours."

"Let us cross over and meet them as they get out of town, and take them home. Two of us can get Kemp along and two of us can cross hands and carry her," said Letty's big champion.

This proposition was received as a flash of genius. They did not stop to consider whether this help would or would not be welcome to Letty. They concluded that she positively could not get along without it, and perhaps she could not. Letty, less used than Faith to affairs, had set off from home without any money. She was terrified when she saw the four men coming up. They

were not drunk, but had all been drinking. They were strangers, all but Luke Folsom, whom she disliked greatly; were they come to persuade father to go back to the saloon?

"We're going to help you home, little one," said the big man heartily, "and we don't mean to let Jeffers sell any more drink to your dad: 'taint fair to such a little gal as you are. Now you can't foot it in this deep sand; you look ready to drop now. Luke and me will cross hands and make a princess chair for you, and the other two will help your father along right smart, and we'll get you home in no time. All we ask is that you'll sing while we take you along. You sing plumb, like a bird."

How thankful Letty was that they went round by the beach and met no one but Kiah Kibble's boy and his fishing friend, the boy Carson, as she was taken home in this kind of state! Her voice trembled, but she sang away bravely, "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," and "Come, ye Disconsolate." As boys whistle to keep their courage up when they walk through the wood at night, so Letty sang partly to keep her courage up, and her hymns were prayers.

At last they were within sight of home.

"Won't you please let us go on alone now?" she said. "My sister is sick, and I'm afraid if you go up to the house, it may frighten her and make her worse. Thank you; you have been very kind."

The curious cortége at once came to a halt, and took leave very quietly. Father was soon sent to bed, Faith was found in a comfortable sleep, and Nan had prepared a nice tea-dinner for herself and Letty.

It was only a day or two after, when the sisters were at their work and father had been persuaded to sit down and make a hammock, that Kenneth Julian came in.

"I'm only here for a day," he said. "I came on business this time for my uncle. How are you all?"

"Well," said the sisters quietly.

"I am *not* well," said father calmly, "because I have not been doing well. There is no need for me to try to deceive you, Mr. Julian, and I don't care to do it. You know indulgence in drink is my besetting sin; and have you not observed, my young friend, that it is often the most gifted of men who become slaves of drink? The fine scholar, the handsome, genial boy, the universal favourite, fall. I wonder how you have escaped! And often the nobler the gifts, the deeper the degradation. Let me call to the minds of you young people a few notable instances. How many tears have been shed over Robert Burns! What a genius was there! what love of nature! what tenderness, what sympathy! In much he was like David, the singer of Israel. The shepherd and the ploughman, sweet lyrists both! But Burns yielded to the allurements of drink and perished miserably. John Logan, author of some of the finest Scottish hymns, minister in the town of Leith, drank himself to death at the age of forty-four. I am told that in the penny or twopenny lodgings and the police lodgings in London, men who have been distinguished lawyers, doctors, and preachers, first-class graduates of Oxford and Cambridge, are nightly found. I have cried, as a lad, over Charles Lamb, little thinking that I should have his fate, but not his fame. Where was there a brighter scholar, a more subtle genius, than Hartley Coleridge, brilliant son of a brilliant father? but he too went down to ruin before the demon of strong drink. You can match him with Edgar Allan Poe, singer and sot. Faith would place beside these De Quincey and S. T. Coleridge, drunkards on opium. Over how many premature graves can be written, Destroyed by drink! As

Marius sat musing on the ruins of Carthage, so I sit in spirit by that great grave where yearly sixty thousand victims of strong drink are laid, and I wonder much why men are born to die in this way, and why men are to be found to beguile brother men to their ruin. My young friends, this is a terrible mystery."

Father was yet in that *état exalté* which with him succeeded the indulgence in liquor. Alas for this father—a man of culture, who had pursued learning as an end, and exalted the higher part of his nature, bearing eloquent testimony to the superiority of the intellectual over the physical! What had now become of his testimony? He sat there a terrible example of the vices that he deprecated.

As the father talked well, but with prolixity, a deep and lasting lesson was borne in on the mind of Kenneth Julian. Surely nothing but the grace of God can stay the tempted soul or help the erring one to rise superior to the dominance of depraved appetite. Social status, the love of family, the blessings of a refined, cultivated type of life, highest intellectual training — all fall powerless; only that protection is assured and impregnable which comes from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost.

The calls of Kenneth on the sisters were often seasons of joyous laughter and merry jest, but to-day deep despondency seemed to brood over them all. The remarks of father on a sin of which he was a lamentable example did not serve to enliven his auditors. Letty with mechanical precision drew gold and silver thread in and out of green satin stretched upon a frame. Faith pulled threads for drawn work, and the wind coming in at the open door bore the vagrant shreds here and there; but no play of happiness flitted across the faces of Ralph Kemp's daughters.

THE COMING OF HIS FEET.

In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the moon,
In the amber glory of the day's retreat,
In the midnight, robed in darkness, or the gleaming of the moon,
I listen for the coming of His feet.

I have heard His weary footsteps on the sands of Galilee,
On the temple's marble pavement, on the street,
Worn with weight of sorrow, faltering up the slopes of Calvary,
The sorrow of the coming of His feet.

Down the minister-aisles of splendour, from betwixt the cherubim,
Through the wondering throng, with motion strong and fleet,
Sounds His victor tread, approaching with a music fair and dim—
The music of the coming of His feet.

Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girded not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimmering gems and odours sweet,
But white-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of His feet.

He is coming, O my spirit! with His everlasting peace,
With His blessedness immortal and complete,
He is coming, O my spirit! and His coming brings release—
I listen for the coming of His feet.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen, in N. Y. Independent.*

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Methodist Conferences.

Manitoba and the North-West Conference, Regina.—Rev. John McLean was elected president, and Rev. G. W. Dean secretary. Five brethren were transferred into, and one out of, the Conference. Two brethren, L. Gaetz and T. Argue, were restored to the active work; eight withdrew, receiving letters; two were dropped in silence, and ten were received into full connection with the Conference and ordained. There are still seventy probationers. The first roll-call was answered by eighty-one ministers and twenty-six laymen. The Conference adopted a resolution expressing the hope that the educational question would be amicably settled, but at the same time protested against the establishing of separate schools in favour of any denomination in Manitoba. The missionary meeting was one of great power. Among others who spoke was Mr. F. Apetakun, of Island Lake, three hundred miles east of Norway House, where a white man could scarcely venture. He spoke in Cree, and Rev. John McDougall acted as interpreter. The reception service was very impressive. The annual lecture was delivered by Rev. F. B. Stacey, B.A., on "An Outline Study of the New Testament," for which he received a vote of thanks. All the services of the Sabbath were well attended. The statistical report is very gratifying. The increase of members is 544. The number of Sunday-school scholars is 13,235, of whom 2,981 are members of the Church, and 3,328 have taken the total abstinence pledge. The finances are not so good as was desirable, seeing that including all the funds there is a decrease of $8,029. Rev. T. Argue was appointed Immigration Agent, and Rev. John Semmens has entered upon his duties as president of the Industrial Institute at Brandon.

Nova Scotia Conference.—This Conference met at Hillsboro'. At the ministerial session six probationers were received into full connection. On Sabbath, in addition to the ordinary Conference services there was an open-air service and evangelistic services. Early religious services were held daily. General Superintendent Carman made a continuous journey from Nashville, Tenn., to the Conference, where he met with an enthusiastic reception. He preached the ordination sermon. Two ministers had died during the year, J. C. Ogden and S. C. Leonard, B.A.; and Rev. T. W. Smith, retires from, and Rev. D. B. Scott re-enters, the active work. There was a net increase of 404 in the membership. Some of the funds were a little in advance, but others had declined. Rev. James Strothard was elected president and Rev. D. W. Johnston, M.A., secretary. Like other Methodist Conferences, Nova Scotia is sound on temperance, the meeting held at Conference being very enthusiastic. Revs. G. O. Huestis and James Taylor were appointed to preach Jubilee sermons at the Conference of 1896. With a view to improve the Supernumerary Fund, Rev. C. H. Paisley was appointed agent to travel on its behalf, and $1,000 was promised at Conference. Rev. W. Ainsley was allowed to take the position of Conference Evangelist. The *Wesleyan*, which had been reduced to $1 per year, only reported an increase of four hundred subscribers. There had been a net profit in the Book-Room of $739.65.

New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference.—Marysville was the place of meeting. At the ministerial session five probationers who had travelled the term of probation were recommended for ordination, and, with three others previously ordained, were received into full connection. Three ministers had died during the year, viz., A. C. Dennis, C. H. Dutcher and Wm. Maggs. Testimonies were given respecting them by several of their fellow-labourers. News of the death, in California, of Rev. L. S. Johnson, was received on the third day of Conference. Rev. T. Howie was elevated to the chair of the Conference, and Rev. Geo. Steel to the post of secretary. The religious services, both on the Sabbath and week evenings, were seasons of spiritual power. The love-feast

was conducted by venerable Father Daniel, aged eighty-nine. Professor Andrews presented the report of Mount Allison College, which stated that there is a debt of $50,000, which he thought the people should discharge at the earliest possible moment. Like other Conferences, the receipts for the funds were a little deficient. The Contingent Fund needs an advance of 40 per cent. The net decrease in all the funds is $6,232.75. Both the Eastern Conferences condemn the restoration of separate schools in Manitoba. Dr. Carman reached the Conference when the business was nearly completed, but he was immediately called to the platform and delivered one of his soul-stirring addresses. The statistical report contained the gratifying item that there was a net increase in the membership of 339. There had been 1,178 baptisms administered, of which 261 were adults.

Irish Wesleyan Conference.—This Conference—one hundred and twenty-sixth—was held in Carlisle Memorial Church, Belfast. Rev. Walford Green, of the English Conference, presided. He was accompanied by Rev. H. J. Pope, D.D., Dr. Waller and J. E. Clapham. Dr. Dewart was received in connection with the brethren from England. He was perfectly at home and received a real Irish welcome. Dr. McCutcheon had died during the year. His place in the legal hundred was filled by Rev. Irvine Johnston. Three probationers were ordained, one of whom goes to India as a missionary. Twelve young men are on the list of reserve, all of whom are eligible for the ministry, and four candidates were accepted. The statistical report stated that there had been 345 emigrations, 417 deaths, and 849 lost from other causes ; still there is a net increase of 224 members. After this report had been presented there was a lengthy conversation on the State of the Work of God. Rev. R. C. Johnston was appointed to attend the General Conference of the M.E. Church of 1896.

Methodist New Connexion Conference.—This, the ninety-ninth Conference of the denomination, was held at Halifax, which is one of the strongholds of the Church and the seventh time the Conference has met there. There are four beautiful churches in the town, which are comprised in three circuits, besides several smaller churches, making the total number of places of worship seventeen. There are eight ministers, forty-five local preachers, 1,947 members, and 5,317 scholars in the Sunday-schools. A few days before the opening of Conference a temperance meeting was held, at which Mr. E. Watson, from Newcastle, fell dead on the platform. A medical gentleman pronounced heart-failure to be the cause of his death. On the opening of the Conference Rev. G. Parker was elected president, and Mr. W. P. Burnley secretary. A stationing committee is elected by ballot on the first day of Conference, and consists of two ministers and two laymen. As next Conference will be the centenary of the Connexion, preparations are being made to raise a centenary fund. The amount will probably reach $500,000, of which $240,000 was reported as already promised. The president has been identified with the Connexion about thirty-five years, and was one of the first students in the college. He has been exactly thirty years in the ministry, and has long been known as "a connexional man." Dr. Dewart preached on Sabbath, spoke at the missionary meeting, and also at the tea-meeting. He was most heartily received, and greatly interested both ministers and people respecting Methodism in Canada. Dr. Cocker, a former General Superintendent of the New Connexion in Canada, suitably responded. From the reports presented it does not seem that the Connexion is prospering very rapidly, though in respect to finances there are several items of interest. The net sum raised last year for alterations and reduction of church debts is $93,985. At the ordination service seven young men were set apart to the full work of the ministry. The number of married ministers increases more rapidly than places can be found for them. Two ministers, Rev. J. C. Milburn and W. Eddon, who travelled forty-five and thirty-two years respectively, retired from the active work, and two others rest for one year ; three students were received on probation and four candidates were appointed to college. A Forward Movement, the first of the kind that the Connexion has made, has been inaugurated in London with every prospect of success.

Primitive Methodist Conference.—This Conference was held at Edinburgh, which is the first gathering of the kind ever held in Scotland, hence it is no wonder that it should make a profound sensation. The Free Church Assembly Hall was granted free of expense as the place of meeting. There were sixty-eight ministers and 128 laymen in attendance at

the first session. After devotional exercises five ministers were nominated for the presidential chair, and after three rounds of voting Rev. John Watson was declared elected. He comes from a good Primitive stock in the north of England, and has had a varied ministerial career, having laboured in Australia and South Africa, and is now principal of the college in Manchester. He is reputed to be one of the most cultured ministers in the Connexion. Mr. W. E. Parker, of Manchester, was elected vice-president, and Rev. R. S. Blair secretary. Rev. T. Mitchell enters upon his duties as book steward. Various committees for the furtherance of business were appointed; sixteen ministers were reported to have died. Letters of condolence were sent to the bereaved families; seven ministers, one of whom was expelled, were separated from the Conference; twelve were granted a superannuated relation, and two asked to be allowed to re-enter the active work. Forty-one probationers were received into full connection and thirty-eight received on probation; a great number were placed on the reserve list and eleven were sent to college. A gloom fell upon the Conference when a telegram was received communicating the sad news of the death of the Rev. Thomas Guttery. A deputation was sent from the Conference to attend the funeral. There had been such a plethora of candidates for the ministry that several had been kept for years on the reserve list. At this Conference a considerable number were dropped, as they are all twenty-five years of age or even more, and there is no probability that their services will be required for years to come. The circuits were requested not to recommend any candidates but such as are first-class men. Two ministers from other Churches applied to be admitted, but were refused. The statistical report stated that there was an increase of twenty-two Sunday-schools and 6,526 scholars, of whom 3,720 are above fourteen years of age. There are 10,381 juvenile and 8,510 adult abstainers. Two Sundays in the year were set apart, one for the Sunday-school and the other for temperance. The religious services were powerful, and at the Sabbath afternoon camp-meeting four preaching stands were occupied. The singing and the procession to the field were such as Scotland has not often witnessed. Several delegates occupied the city pulpits, including that of the cathedral. There were also a missionary, a temperance, and a tea-meeting. Gifts amounting to more than $20,000 had been received from various persons for different connexional objects, chiefly churches. There is a connexional insurance society which has been of great service to the Connexion, as it has donated most of its profits to the erection of churches. A new departure had been taken in respect to the Book-Room, the wisdom of which some questioned, as it was thought to be too great an undertaking. The premises, however, have been opened, and the hope is indulged that the future will even be more prosperous than the past. The great question of the Conference was that of union with the Bible Christian Church. Rev. F. W. Bourne attended the Conference in the interests of union. While the subject was under discussion Dr. Dewart arrived and had a most cordial reception. An editor says: "His account of the Methodist Church of Canada was a very rosy one. Union has there been a great success, and no one would think of going back to the old state of things. No doubt many will be disposed to say there are difficulties here in the Old Country that did not exist in Canada. But Dr. Dewart assured us that this was not the case, that the difficulties were quite as great, but that when once it was felt that the proposal was of God and would be for the advantage of the Church, all these difficulties melted away." We almost think that the Doctor will be at a loss to know which Conference gave him the most royal welcome. His experience on Methodist union would be of great value, but it seems that the day of union in England has not arrived. A committee has been appointed to consider and report at a future Conference. Rev. W. Herridge, of Brampton, was also at Conference, and at the close of Dr. Dewart's address he was introduced and addressed the Conference. Mr. Herridge was the president of the Primitive Methodist Conference in Canada when the union was accomplished, and signed the document of union on behalf of the Primitive Methodist Conference. He spoke well, and quite touched the heart of the Conference by the story of his conversion exactly fifty years ago that night in a Primitive Methodist class-meeting. Mr. Hartley, who has been a most munificent contributor to the Church funds, now proposes to head a scheme for the enlargement of the college and to afford increased facilities for the education of the rising ministry. He gave $25,000 to the Jubilee Fund, and will give $20,000, or may be $25,000, to the

college. A pleasant incident occurred one day. Rev. Dr. Whyte, one of the most popular of Edinburgh ministers, sent a copy of his "Samuel Rutherford" to each of the ministerial delegates, with a kind message. The Book-Room during the past year turned over $158,315, and netted a profit of $20,000. The Jubilee Fund wants $20,000 to reach the original amount proposed, $250,000.

Stockport Holiness Convention. — This Convention has been held annually for several years. Rev. E. E. Jenkins, D.D., and other leading Methodist divines are its chief promoters. The services continue for a week, with meetings daily and consist of sermons, addresses, Bible readings, testimonies, etc. Ministers and people of all the branches of Methodism, as well as other denominations, take part in the proceedings. Great good is accomplished by the Convention. Could not such gatherings be held in Canada with great advantage to Methodism?

Recent Deaths.

Rev. T. Guttery, a devoted Primitive Methodist minister, died at Sunderland, England, in June. He will be remembered by many of our readers, as for eight years he was stationed in Toronto. After his return to England he was stationed at London, Southport, and Sunderland (twice). He possessed fine talents, and was popular both in the pulpit and on the platform. Had he not been called away he would soon have been elevated to the editor's chair, for the duties of which he was well qualified. He was only fifty-eight years of age, but he had done much valuable service for the Church, and had he been less prodigal of his strength would no doubt have lived many years yet. His only son is a rising minister in the Church of his father.

Rev. Dr. Henry Scudder was for many years a missionary in the East, and died at Winchester in June, 1895. He was born in India but educated in America, and then entered the mission field. Three of his sisters married British army officers, and six brothers, like himself, served their generation as missionaries.

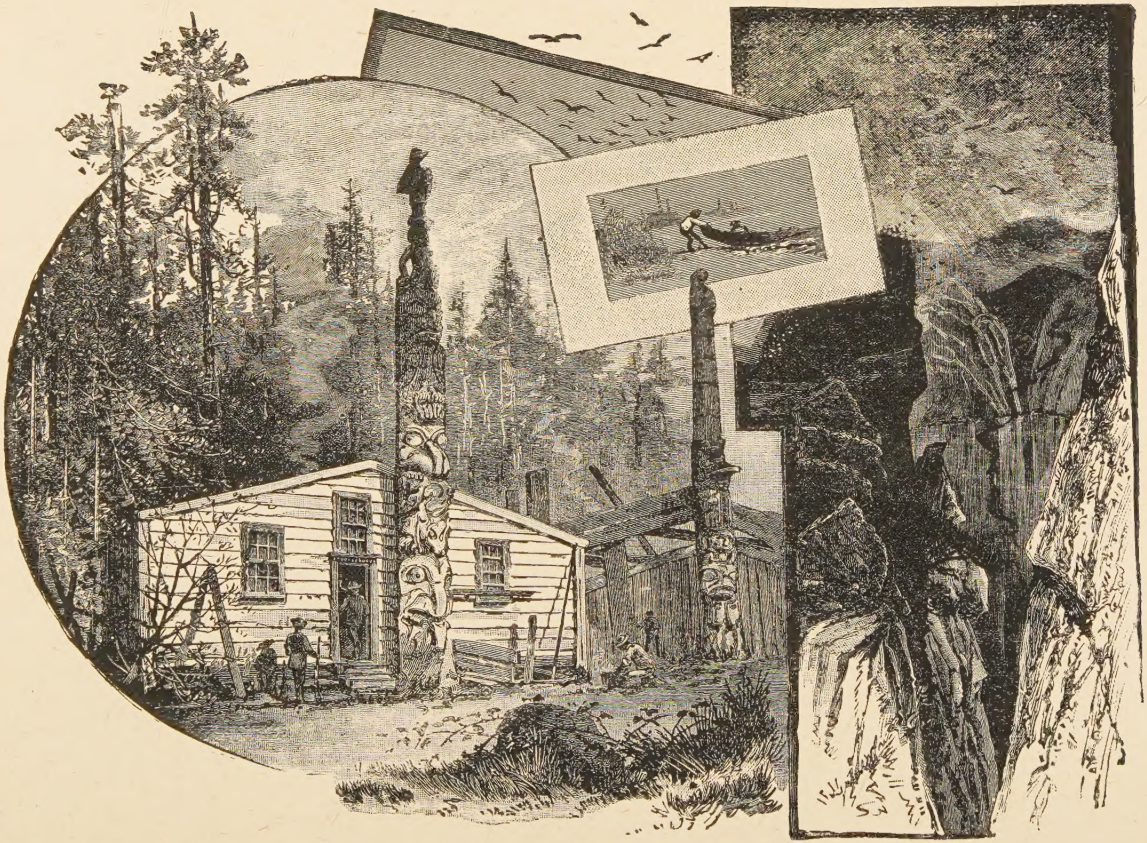
Philip Phillips, the well-known singing evangelist, who made a pilgrimage in almost every country in the world, was recently called to join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. He was little more than sixty years of age when called away. His delightful spiritual songs had been heard by crowned heads in Europe. Thousands at conventions in America had often been entranced as he sang "the old, old story"; and President Lincoln was so delighted with "Your Mission" that he asked for it to be repeated. He was a spiritually-minded man, and died in the Lord.

Rev. Dr. McAnally was a minister in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the space of sixty years. After being in the pastorate twenty-five years, he was connected with educational institutions, and finally occupied the editor's chair for the rest of his days. He served his generation well. The Church of his choice regarded him as one of her choicest sons, and was never afraid to entrust the most important interests to his care. During the war he was on the side of the South, and suffered imprisonment, but he was never afraid to suffer for what he believed to be right.

Rev. G. R. D. Austin, of the Primitive Methodist Church, the son of a minister, came to his death by being knocked down by a railway train in Derbyshire. He was a man greatly beloved, and had been stationed on some important circuits, which he served with great acceptability for twenty-three years. Nottingham was his field of toil when the sad accident befell him.

Rev. H. J. Pring, also of the Primitive Methodist Church, has gone to his eternal home under painful circumstances. For a considerable time he had suffered great physical and mental weakness, on account of which he was confined in an asylum, where he ended his earthly pilgrimage. Mr. Pring had been thirty-three years in the ministry, during which he gave ample proof that he was "called of God, as was Aaron."

Rev. William Torrance, Guelph Conference, was suddenly called from his earthly labours, May 29th. He was an earnest and successful minister of the Lord Jesus. The writer became greatly attached to him on the Bradford district. For twenty-three years he toiled hard. He was a man of strong physique, and during the Fenian raid he, with his brother John, shouldered arms in defence of their country. Latterly he was a great sufferer from sciatica, which ended in apoplexy, from which he died happy in the Lord. On the last day of his life he attended a funeral and performed a marriage ceremony.



WEST COAST INDIAN VILLAGE AND FJORD.